

May
1895

Illustration The Cane Creek Massacre

Early number of this Volume of THE CONTRIBUTOR with Illustrations. Several unpublished incidents and experiences will be presented.

THE CONTRIBUTOR

A Monthly Magazine.

VOL. XVI.

MAY, 1895.

No. 7.

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THE CONTRIBUTOR.

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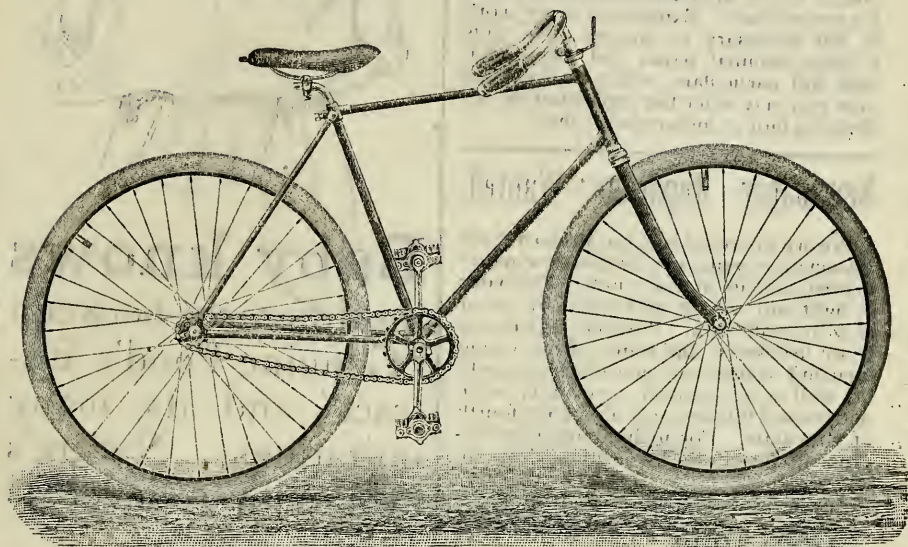
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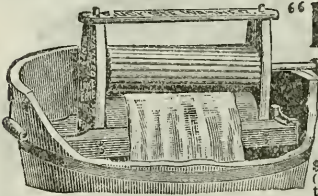
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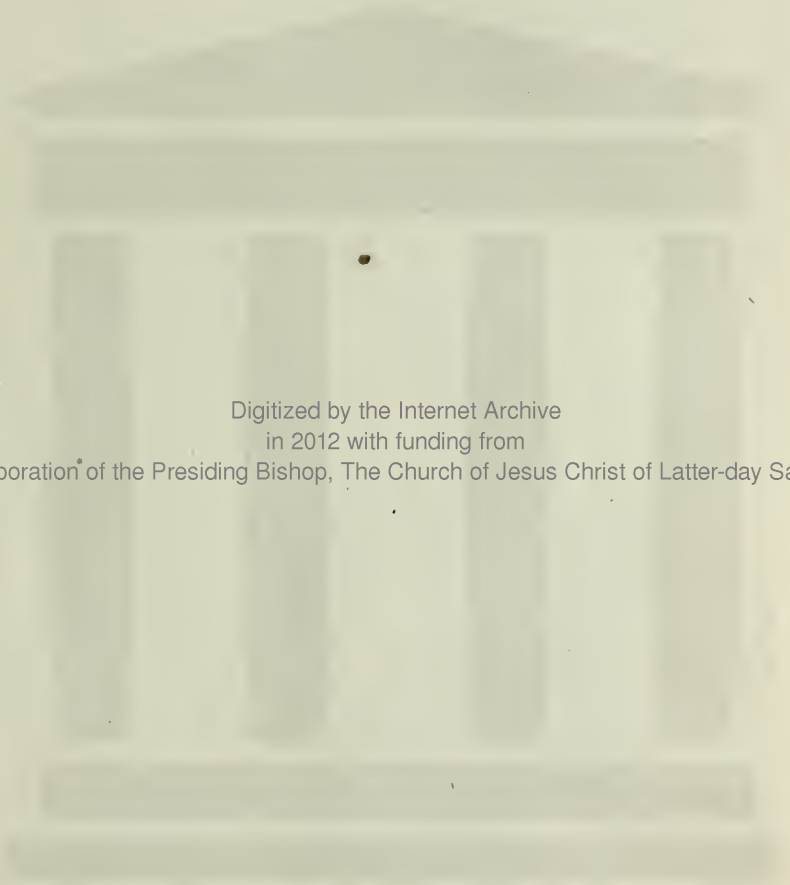
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BIRDSEYE VIEW OF THE SCENE OF THE ALMY DISASTER.

THE CONTRIBUTOR.

VOL. XVI.

MAY, 1895.

No. 7.

THE EXPLOSION AT ALMY, WYOMING.

THE numbers five and six mines of Red Cañon, Almy, Uinta Co., Wyoming, are the property of the Rocky Mountain Coal and Iron Company, and are situated within seven miles of the city of Evanston, the capital of Uinta county. These mines lie on the east side of the Bear River Valley. Number five mine, the scene of the explosion of fire-damp on the twentieth of March, 1895, at 5:45 p.m., lies on an angle of thirteen degrees due east, and is entered by an open drift from the side of the hill which is known as the man-way.

The measure is twenty-nine feet thick and is inter-stratified with six bands of foreign matter, which necessarily divides the measure into seven working sections, which contain on the aggregate twenty feet of coal and one foot of slate rock.

The lowest part of the section, ten feet thick of clean coal, rests on the under-clay, which is four feet thick, from which the carbon-dioxide gas, CO_2 , density 1.53, is given off, slightly aided by discharges of this gas from the upper measures.

The highest section is eight feet thick of clean coal, and is overlaid by a series of small bands within the measure and a general covering of loose, fragmentary formation, which is common to the upper series of the tertiary group. The chemical analysis of this coal is as follows:

Water,	10.03
Gas,	39.10
Ash,	8.05
Fixed Carbon,	42.82
	<hr/>
	100.00

7a

The entire measure is worked off in two sections—the bottom measure at a height of fifteen or sixteen feet from the entry to the intended limit of the pillar that is left as a support to the overlying measures, and the top section is brought back to the entry from which they commenced. The main slope, I understand, is over two thousand feet into the measure from which eighteen entries are worked off; nine entries on the north side and nine entries on the south side, and has two intakes or inlets for the air-currents at the eastern limits of the north and south sides of the main slope and man-way.

On each side of these entries, rooms are turned off at right angles and at given distances from each other, which provide rooms sufficient for the full number of men the company requires to meet the demand for the coal contractors.

Coal may give off a considerable quantity of fire-damp and it may be regarded with certainty that pressure of this gas in the measure will at all times be near to the ordinary pressure of the atmosphere, and in some instances when the wind is blowing from the south and fully saturated with moisture, the pressure of the gas may possibly preponderate. That is due to the great altitude of the measure where the atmospheric pressure does not exceed on an average 12.25 pounds to the square inch.

There are four causes, any one of which may lead to an explosion of gas, when the circumstances of

the mine are favorable to their operation. First, from a blown-out shot. A blown-out shot will create a vacuum proportionate to the size of the charge of powder ignited. When the charge is ignited, the gas generated is four hundred times larger than the charge and from the extra heat developed by the combustion, the gas is expanded to fifteen hundred times the size of the original charge. In consequence of this a vacuum is afterward formed equal to the area of the expanded volume fourteen hundred to one, so that the air pressure being thus cut off from the fissures of the measure to the extent of the area of the vacuum, the gas streams out from the measure into the open space at a velocity governed by the pressure of the confined gas in the measure. In consequence of this, thousands of cubic feet of gas from millions of fissures are liberated and in a few seconds the working-place is a huge gas magazine, (see "Chemistry of the Mine," first edition, p. 74, paragraph 191).

Second, from a fall in atmospheric density. As aforesaid, the average density of the air volume in these high altitudes does not exceed 12.27 pounds pressure to the square inch, or 1766.88 pounds pressure per square foot; so that from a fall of the barometer of .5 inch, there would be a reduction of over thirty-five pounds pressure off every square foot of surface through the entire area of the mine, the result would be to ease the air pressure of more than thirty-five pounds off millions of square feet and numerous fissures.

Third, from insufficient ventilation of the abandoned workings. Where the ventilation of old, abandoned workings is either crippled or altogether cut off to further the apparent good ventilation of the face-workings, the gas must, sooner or later, break from its confines in the old wates and extend into the main roads where it comes in contact with the miners' lights.

And fourth, from too great a speed

of the air-current. The air-currents always attain the greatest speed in the center of the air-passage. It has been proved by experiments over and over again that with a uniform density of the surface and mine air of fifteen pounds per square inch, both currents moving at the same speed, but increasing the speed of the mine current one hundred lineal feet per minute, and the result would be equal to a reduction of air pressure on the fissures of the strata of *nearly one-fifth of its density* from friction on the top, bottom and sides of the air passage. In consequence of the center current moving through the mine at a speed equal to five against three of the side currents, it acts similar to a suction air pump on the fissures of the measure and thereby draws as it were the gas from its confines into the air currents of the mine to such an extent at times, that the main air current becomes so much impregnated with it ere it reach the outlet, that it is simply a huge volume of fire-damp.

If the dead or waste workings give off a large quantity of inflammable gas, to dam that gas off with safety there must be a sufficient quantity of carbon dioxide gas given off within the dams to constitute one seventh of the fire-damp volume, otherwise, there will be an explosion of the confined gas.

At 5:45 p. m. the accumulated gas of the mine was ignited by some cause, and appeared above the surface, with the loose debris and part of the surface plant flying up into the air, as a broad sheet of red flame and instantly buried within the broad, thick volume of black smoke and dust forcing their way to the surface from every opening of the mine. Within fifteen minutes after the upheaval, I was on the ground of the disaster with the dead and wounded before me and piles of broken material scattered everywhere; this indeed was sad enough, but, O kind heaven! how shall I describe the heart-rending



AIR FAN AND SHAFT NO. 5 MINE, ALMY, AFTER EXPLOSION.

scenes of those poor unfortunate women and children, with clinched hands uplifted to heaven and the body swaying forward and backward imploring the blessings of the Almighty upon their husbands and sons, and bewailing their lost ones on every hand. The calamity was too deep and far-reaching to bring that timely relief to them they so much needed—the shaft of death, either directly or indirectly, had entered nearly every house in the camp, and all seemed anxious to pour out their grief to any who could hear them, and with clinched hands and heavy sobs and tears, eagerly watching in hope to learn something about the fate of their loved ones. By this time—6:30 p. m., the wounded were conveyed home and four of the dead were conveyed to the smith's shop where the work of cleaning the bodies commenced.

By 8:30 p. m. on Saturday the twenty-third, the last remaining dead bodies in the mine were brought to the surface. At this period of their bereavement, the women began to settle down to calm, serious thought.

Sunday the twenty-fourth was the day appointed for the interment of the dead which consisted of two Austrians, eight Finlanders and fifty-one of the English speaking race. Divine services over the dead were held in the Finnlander's Hall, at No. 6 camp, in the Latter-day Saints' meeting house, No. 4 camp, and the remainder had services at Randolph, Evanston, Coalville and Salt Lake City.

The meeting house of the Saints at Almy, by 1:30 p. m., was filled to its utmost capacity, and at 2 o'clock it is estimated there were in the house and on the grounds about one thousand persons. The house was draped in mourning along the front of the stand from the north to the south entrance, and extended from the chandeliers to the organ. We were consolingly aided by visitors and their sympathizing friends from Star Valley, Woodruff, Hanna, Rock Springs, Coalville, Evanston, Scofield and Salt Lake City. On the stand were the following brethren: Joseph F. Smith, Franklin D. Richards, Seymour B.

Young, W. W. Cluff, Bishop Bowns, Bishop Brown, Bishop Southby, Edward Stevenson and Elder Eldredge. Thirty-eight coffins containing the dead were carefully rested on the framed stand at the outside of the house.

The meeting was called to order by Bishop James Bowns.

Singing:

Creation speaks with awful voice,
Hark! 'tis a universal groan,
Re-echoes through the vast extent
Of worlds unnumbered called to mourn.

Prayer was offered by Seymour B. Young.

Singing:

Mourn not for those who peaceful lay
Their wearied bodies down,
Who leave the frail and mortal clay
To seek a fadeless crown.

President Joseph F. Smith addressed the congregation in a feeling and consoling spirit suited to the circumstances and sad bereavement of his hearers. He deplored the sad calamity that had befallen the people of Almy, and considered that every laudable effort should be made to relieve the distress and comfort the people. He reminded his hearers that those sacred ties and obligations formed here are not broken, but would be continued through all eternity; our parting here is only for a short time: there will be a grand reunion at the resurrection of the just, of husbands and wives, parents and children. When all those kindred ties of the family circle will only be the more consolidated and intensified. "I bless you my brethren and sisters, and I have authority to bless you, regardless of what the world may say. I bless you, boys and girls. Be kind to your fathers and mothers, and live in obedience to their counsels, and the Lord and His servants will bless you. I bless this congregation and the people of Almy, and I pray that the spirit of the Lord, the spirit of peace, may be with you continually. You are

called to pass through a sad bereavement, but be patient, trust in the Lord, acknowledge His hand in all things and you will find by and by that all will work together for your good. You will not be left uncared for; the Lord will raise up friends to you and your brethren, and the servants of God will administer to your necessities. We all feel for you in your bereavement, but everything will be done that can be done to relieve the distress. The brethren will not discriminate between those who belong to the Church and those who do not belong to the Church. All the widows and orphaned children who have been bereft of their breadwinners by this sad disaster have a claim upon our sympathy. They are our brethren and sisters in the flesh, and the Lord requires at our hands that they shall be cared for. The Lord knows your circumstances and the desires of your hearts. He will not forsake you. He sent us here for a wise purpose, and when we have filled that purpose He will take us back to His presence where we will meet our loved ones, our kindred and friends. We feel sorry to part with them here, but there is rejoicing in heaven over their return to the paradise of God; therefore dry up your tears, they have only gone a little ahead of us. They understand what is going on here today. Whatever can be done in the house of the Lord for them let it be done by those who are left behind to fill up the work that remains undone. Peace be with you, my brethren and sisters, may the Lord bless you which I ask in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen."

Apostle Franklin D. Richards next addressed the meeting. After expressing his deep regret at the terrible calamity that had befallen the people of Almy, he pointed out the purposes for which we came here and left our heavenly home and our kindred associates, and how we ought to live so as to fill those pur-



ENGINE AND BOILER HOUSE IN FRONT OF MAN AND CAR DRIFT.

poses before we are called upon to return home. "When any members of our family are going from home on a distant journey we feel sorry to part with them because they are leaving home, but when they return we give them a hearty welcome because we have received them safely home. So it is with our Father's children. Most likely there is a parting sigh when they leave home to come here for a short time, but how glad they are when they return home again! How glad our earthly parents are to receive us here. There is great rejoicing at our birth; they feel as if they ought to kill the fatted calf for the occasion, and yet they know we have only come here for a short time. Why then should we feel sorry at their return home when all their friends are ready to give them a hearty welcome on their return? Do not grieve but be comforted, my brethren and sisters, and acknowledge the hand of the Lord in all things, and He will direct your ways. My heart is full of blessings for you. We have come here for the purpose to comfort and bless you, and I

do bless you in the name of the Lord."

Elder Edward Stevenson was the next to address the congregation. He read the first seven verses of the twelfth chapter of Ecclesiastes.

"Because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets: or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel be broken at the cistern. Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was: and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it."

It is only necessary to say that the speaker gave a few plain, beautiful outlines of our first primeval state, the reasons why we are here and how we should use the means and time within our reach to prepare us for the great hereafter. He also blessed the congregation in the name of the Lord

Elder Seymour B. Young addressed the congregation for a few minutes in kindly terms, reminding the Saints and the bereaved sisters to carry out the counsel they had received from the brethren, ere the

silver cord be loosed or the golden bowl be broken; because, man goeth to his long home. He blessed the widows and orphans and the whole congregation in the name of the Lord.

The services adjourned.

It is estimated that there were one thousand persons and two hundred conveyances followed the bodies to the cemetery in slow march.

At 4:40 p. m., the procession was formed, and the first thirty-seven conveyances with the dead and their relatives, proceeded from the church, and when they were on the main county road, the balance of conveyances followed in line, one deep. The cortege was over three-quarters of a mile in length.

On reaching the graveyard, the teams conveying the dead entered the grounds, and the remainder stopped outside the yard. The yard was well filled with mourners and friends, and a large number of visitors. At 5:30 p. m., the coffins were deposited in the graves, and the signal was given that all were ready for the dedicatory service. James H. Hood and his excellent choir sang the hymn: "Nearer My God to Thee," at the close of which beautiful lines, Bishop James Brown, of Evanston, with uplifted hands, offered up the dedicatory prayer, and said: "O Lord, in the name of Jesus Christ, and in the depths of humility, we ask Thee to be merciful to Thy people, and to the widows and orphans who are bereft of their bread-winners, and of their society and counsel. Let Thy Fatherly care be over them and raise up friends to them on every hand. Protect the mortal remains of these brethren, undisturbed in their graves, till the trump shall sound and the dead shall be raised, and we shall be changed. Amen."

Monday, March 25th, 1895.—The funeral services were held over the three dead brethren, for whom no coffins were got to the camp in time

for their interment with the dead on Sunday.

At 2 o'clock p. m. the meeting house was well filled by the citizens of Almy, and the coffins of the three brethren were set on chairs in front of the stand. The stand was well supplied with the choir and members of the High Priesthood.

At 2:30 Bishop James Bowns conducted the service. After the opening exercises Elder Andrew Walwork addressed the congregation in a fatherly spirit with kind remarks bearing mostly upon Temple work, for none of these brethren had been through the Temple, so that even the work of their own salvation is left to the charge of others, and those mostly people outside of their family circle. He felt, however, that some kind brethren would come forward to take up the work on behalf of the dead, that these sacred and endearing ties of binding and sealing the living and dead together, which is a work of the utmost importance to every Latter-day Saint, will not be laid aside. He prayed that the Lord would bless the widows and the fatherless children and preserve them from evil that they may answer the end of their creation and come forth on the morning of the resurrection.

Elder John Crawford was the next speaker. He referred to the accident and death of his son, whom he ordained an Elder just before he died. He said neither his wife's side nor his own side had a single member in the spirit world to represent their interest with authority, but now they had a representative there in the person of their own son. And he felt satisfied that the hand of the Lord was in it and that good would come out of it sooner or later. He prayed that his brethren and sisters would be faithful to the covenants they had made with their partners, and at the earliest convenient season go to the Temple and have these covenants sealed upon them by legal authority, so that every member in

the family circle may come up in due order in the resurrection of the just.

Elder David Johnston was the next to address the meeting. After expressing his feeling of the grief and distress entailed on the people of Almy by this sad calamity, he gave the widows to understand that their condition and the condition of their families would be duly considered and cared for, and urged them to draw nearer to their brethren and sisters and gather themselves up into closer communion with the Lord and His people, and in doing so they would secure the blessing of the Lord for themselves and their families. He prayed the Lord would preserve them and their children from evil and from accidents and save them all in His kingdom when they had done His will here on the earth.

Bishop Bowns arose, and said he deeply deplored the terrible calamity that had befallen the people of Almy, and hoped this would be a warning to all so that we may live nearer to the Lord in the future than we have done in the past. We all know that this is not our abiding home. It is appointed unto man once to die and after death the judgment, but "as in Adam all die even so in Christ shall all be made alive." We all have to live after we are done with this life, and our life in the future will very much depend upon the way and manner we spend our lives here. The Lord has sent us here in order that we may obtain

bodies and gain an experience and an intelligence in this probationary state that will enable us to qualify ourselves for the right of an inheritance in the celestial kingdom of our Father and our God. We cannot bring back the dead; they have gone from us to the paradise of God, where they will receive suitable instructions pertaining to the great work of redemption for the living and the dead. We must therefore put ourselves right and go into the Temple of the Lord and have those sealings and endowments done that will bind us in the sacred covenants of husbands and wives, parents and children, carrying us through the line of our ancestors from generation to generation until we reach back to our great progenitor, Father and God. Then all tears will be wiped from the eye; there will be no more sickness, sorrow and death. The sting of death is gone, and the victory over the grave is gained forever. "Therefore, my sisters, be comforted; neither the Lord nor His people will forsake you. You will have our faith and prayers and our counsels continually."

At 4:30 p. m. the corpses and congregation left the church for the graveyard. The cortege was about half a mile long.

The dedicatory prayer was given by Elder Walwork, and the whole company and mourners returned again to their homes, with feelings more easily imagined than expressed.

Richard R. Hodgson.

IN OLDEN DAYS.

THE king of the lands of Shilom and of Lehi-Nephi was in trouble. His heart was bowed down with grief because of the sorrows of his people. At this, the ninth hour of the day, the time usually devoted to domestic recreation and pleasure, he sat alone in his own private apartment,

with heaviness in his heart and gloom upon his brow.

"Oh, Zeniff, my father," he cried in anguish of spirit, "why didst thou leave the home of thine adoption; why was thy proud and restless spirit not content to share the common fate of thy brethren; why, oh why, wast

thou led back to this cursed land, to bequeath a heritage of woe unto thy children and thy children's children?"

Receiving no reply from the dead silence around him he bowed his head upon a table near him, and wept. So absorbed was he in his misery, that he did not hear a light step approach, nor feel the influence of a quiet presence, until a white hand was gently laid upon his bowed head and a soft voice addressed him in loving anxiety.

"Why is my lord thus cast down in sadness, and why seek thus to hide thy troubles from thy dearest friend; battling with them alone and unaided?"

At the first intimation of intrusion on his privacy, the king had started up, half in alarm, half in anger, but perceiving who was his visitor, sank back in his seat with a fresh outburst of sorrow. Perceiving this, his wife, for such was the intruder, sank on her knees before him, clasped his hand in hers, and waited for the tumult of his grief to subside. When he had grown calm, he raised her to a seat beside himself saying:

"My queen, thou hast this day beheld what mortal being ne'er saw before, thy king in tears. It is needless to say to my faithful wife, 'let not this thing be known.'"

"Entirely, my lord: but what great trouble has befallen thee, that she who is 'flesh of thy flesh, and bone of thy bone,' may not bear her rightful share therein?"

"I will tell thee, my wife; thou wert ever a wise counselor, and may perchance even now advise what might be the best plan to pursue. Trouble is again brewing between our people and our enemies. Swift runners have brought us word that Laman and his armies are even now moving in the direction of Shilom. The people are greatly excited, and much desire to go to battle against them, thinking in their zeal to scatter them to the four winds. Yet do we know from past and bitter experience

how futile are our puny efforts against their overwhelming numbers. Yet I can see no alternative, we must fight or die, perhaps both."

"It is not like my lord thus to give way to despondency. May not some means be found to conciliate them?"

"If so, it will be at the sacrifice of all our liberties. We have long been in deep bondage. Who would not prefer death to slavery?"

"True, true, if there were no hopes of its abatement. Pardon, my lord, but our people, the descendants of Zeniff, they cannot have forgotten their lost friends. I have heard my father say, and he had it from his father, that the distance between us was not more than a thirty days' journey. Couldst not thou by some means or other, communicate with them, and ask succor in our deep distress?"

"The very thought which has come to my own mind. Yet the project is so dangerous, so beset with difficulties that I have hesitated to assign the task to any man."

"But in the cause of freedom methinks there are few who would not glory in its dangers. Abinadom, the captain of our guards, and our expected son-in-law, is both bold and brave, and well fitted for just such feats of bravery and heroism."

"Thou art right my queen, as thou ever art. Yet, methought thy tender feelings would hesitate to tear asunder two young hearts in the springtime of their love. Shemlah will be left in sadness the hour that sees Abinadom torn from her side."

"Shemlah," said the mother firmly, but with a soft light in her eye, "must learn in common with the rest of our sex, to sacrifice self to the general good. There could be little happiness in slavery, even with all our treasures in our clasp."

"I will send for him, at once," said the king, striking three times on a large gong which hung con-

veniently near. "And now, my queen, my people must not know that I am troubled concerning them. We must be on the watch but we must be cheerful."

"Thou mayst trust me, my husband; "and at a sign from her lord, the queen withdrew.

The gong was soon answered by a servant. "Say to Abinadom, captain of the guards, the king desires audience of him this moment. Stay! thou wilt find him in the garden with the queen's daughter, Shemlah."

With a low obeisance, the servant withdrew and wended his way as directed. He found the pair in a small arbor, devoting themselves to the enjoyment of love's youngest, happiest dream.

The young officer, though apparently surprised at the summons, obeyed without delay, stopping only to whisper to his betrothed that he would return as soon as he was released. During his absence we will take a view of the maiden and her surroundings.

Shemlah was the idolized daughter of King Limhi of Shilom and Lehi-Nephi. Her beauty was of a kind peculiar to herself. Her skin was fair, her hair was golden, while her eyes were dark and lustrous, melting into a hue that was indescribable. In form she was tall and slender; in manners oft and gentle; with a winning tenderness toward those she loved which never failed to reflect back upon herself. The present dynasty being but three generations old, and the kingdom of Shilom and Lehi-Nephi being small and dependent, the usual ceremonials of older and more important courts were wanting.

The only restraint, therefore, was that common to all well regulated households, and the only safeguards those which related to a provision of safety from their masters and enemies, the fierce and bloodthirsty nation of the Lamanites.

For this reason, and this alone,

high walls had been erected around the cities, the palaces of the king, and their temples of worship. Outside these walls the household of the king were never allowed to go without suitable guards; but within their confines were great freedom and beautiful surroundings.

Shemlah threw herself gracefully upon a low divan and gave herself up to the task of watching and waiting for her lover. The sun was just sinking behind the western horizon, and deep shadows were lengthening upon the pavement of the adjoining courts and passages. She looked off to the distant mountain tops, whose sombre green outlines were just now brightened so wonderfully by the sun's last kiss, and wondered in her innocent heart, what was beyond them, and if, in the fairy future, she should ever explore them, in sweet companionship with the lord of her life—for so in the inmost recesses of her loving heart she had named him, lord of her life.

It was nearly dark when Abinadom appeared in the courtyard, and walked quickly up the path leading to Shemlah's bower. The maiden saw at once by his pale face and the air of determination and high resolve upon his brow, that something of an unusual nature had occurred. She half rose to her feet, then sank back into her seat, her hands spread out imploringly.

"Abinadom, my love, what aileth thee? The seal of mighty daring is on thy brow, but thine eyes are full of unshed tears."

"The unshed tears are for thee, my Shemlah," cried the young man, throwing himself on his knees before his betrothed and clasping his trembling arms around her slender form; "forbid them not, forbid them not, for they say unto thee, I love thee!"

In the extremity of his emotion he paused, and the loving girl drew his head upon her bosom and laid her soft cheek against his throbbing brow.

"Even so, my flower of Eden," he said in a low hushed voice, "I had hoped ere long to be clasped in thy tender arms, with all a husband's rights and privileges. But Shemlah, dearest love, I am called to leave thee."

"Abinadom—is it then true—those rumors—and are the Lamanites again upon us?"

"Alas, too true, I fear, my Shemlah. Yet would I count a raid 'gainst them but idle pastime. Your judgment errs; my mission lies not there."

"Where then, my lord? Oh, that I too, might follow thee, thy loving wife and faithful serving woman."

"Not so, not so, oh heart of gold. The weary march, the fruitless search, the cold, the heat, the lurking savage and the hidden beast are not for such as thee. Not this tender hand, but muscles of iron and nerves of steel are meet for such a journey."

"But why this long delay? Tell me Abinadom, where goest thou?"

"To seek the brethren of our father Zeniff, in far-off Zarahemla."

"Abinadom—my love, it must not be; thou wilt be murdered by merciless enemies; thou wilt be slain by wild beasts—thou wilt perish in the wilderness—and I—I shall die also, for what is Shemlah without Abinadom?"

With tenderest solicitude the young Nephite commander soothed her anguish; with gravest earnestness he reasoned with her, seeking to turn her thoughts into a more cheerful channel. His own emotion was so far spent that he could do this, and in reality, had it not been for leaving his young love, the thought of the coming journey was a glorious one to him. He delighted in feats of strength and daring, and the more insurmountable the obstacles, the more determined he became to overcome them. So he could say with all soberness, believing himself to be justified therein.

"Pray to our God for me, Shem-

lah. My heart tells me I shall return again to liberty, and love, and thee. Oh, what happiness, to be freed from the hands of slavery to once more mingle with the loved of heaven, free from the blighting curse of Laman! Live, my Shemlah, in sweet anticipation of coming joys, and weep not over the sacrifice we make to attain them."

"Fain would I obey thee, my Lord, but my soul is oppressed with foreboding of coming evil."

"Cast it off, my love, for it cometh of that evil one. And now I must leave thee. Our path is beset with the minions of Laman as thick as flies about a honey pot. We have sent a present of wine to the guards; ere long they will be sleeping, and by the noon of night we must be on our way."

"And must thou go so soon?"

"Aye, or not at all. King Laman's armies are within three leagues of Shilom. Ere he suspects us we must be beyond his reach."

"I see 'tis so: farewell, then, love, thy Shemlah's heart is breaking."

As if in corroboration of her last words, the maiden's head drooped on her lover's bosom, and blest unconsciousness came to her relief. He laid her gently on the divan; he knelt by its side for a moment, sending up an agonized prayer for protection; he kissed her lips and eyes passionately, then strode forth into the pale moonlight, leaving her alone. At the portal he encountered the queen. He clasped both her hands in his in token of farewell, and whispered: "Thy daughter hath need of thee. Farewell, mother; into thy hands I commend my treasure."

"Farewell, Abinadom, and the God of our fathers be with thee! Be but faithful to thy trust, and we will indeed welcome thee to our household as a loved and honored inmate."

Abinadom pursued his way to prepare for his long and perilous

journey. The queen-mother entered the bower; it was now quite dark, and, hearing no sound of life, she spoke her daughter's name. Receiving no reply, she groped about, not wishing to arouse suspicion of trouble by calling for assistance, until she reached the divan, and found the young girl lying senseless upon it.

"Poor child—poor Shemlah," she murmured as she knelt and began chafing her brow and hands. "This is the first sip thou hast ever tasted of aught but happiness, and it has overcome thee. But thou wilt learn, in common with thy mother and hundreds of thy sisters, that a woman's life is largely made up of meetings and partings, of watching and waiting, and praying, while the loved ones are abroad braving dangers and even death for those dependent upon them."

"And art thou not gone, my love," murmured Shemlah, slowly recovering consciousness, "and is it after all some horrid dream? Methought thou wert about to leave me, and, oh, I was so sad—so sad."

"Shemlah," said her mother, tenderly, yet firmly, as though to forbid further demonstrations of grief, "Abinadom has indeed gone, but it is to save thee, my daughter, from a fate worse than death. Give not way to despair but be brave and hopeful, be strong and womanly, that when he returns he may be proud of thee as an helpmeet, not fond of thee as a pretty toy, of which, like a little child, he might soon and easily tire."

"I will try, my mother. And thou must aid me."

"And I will aid thee. Let us now into the palace, and see if we can do aught to help in the cause of liberty; for my child, methinks we will have need of all our latent energies ere we reach the coveted goal."

In the usually quiet streets of the city of Lehi-Nephi there was an unusual hustle, but it was of a hushed and quiet sort. Now and then the

sound of a closing door, the muffled footsteps of a human being, or the more distinct tramp; tramp of horses' hoofs. From dark corners came the sounds of whispered consultations, and occasionally a word or two of command in a subdued undertone. The gray flash of a sword blade might even be seen in the pale moonlight, as it was hurriedly examined and slipped noiselessly into its scabbard. No lights were to be seen, however, and as the midnight hour rang out solemnly upon the air, a procession of horsemen might have been seen wending their way carefully and slowly from beneath the shadow of the palace walls toward one of the least used of the gates of the city.

"How is it brother?" asked the leader, in a low tone of the sentinel at the gate.

"All's well, I believe," replied the man addressed. "They caroused horribly the first part of the night, fighting and quarreling among themselves, but I have heard no sound since the last hour."

"It is well, our present has worked the charm," saying which, Abinadom rode slowly down the ranks of his forty-two chosen followers, encouraging them with the good tidings, and cautioning them against making the least unnecessary sound. Slowly and silently they passed through the open portal, by the ranks of the sleeping Lamanite guards outside the walls, and into the winding road leading through the fields and gardens belonging to the city. As they passed the gateway the young moon sank behind the western horizon, giving them the advantage of darkness to cover their movements, this being in accordance with previous expectation.

For four hours they kept their course due north on the level highway and not a man had spoken a word. With the first grey streaks of dawn, they plunged into the wilderness of shrubbery skirting the

foothills on the left, and were soon lost to sight. They were traveling in a direction opposite to the main body of the enemy, and though expecting to meet straggling parties, they had as yet encountered not a living soul. For four days they pursued this policy, traveling for the most part in the night time, and lying under cover of the deep woods during the heat of the day, but always watchful of a surprise from lurking foes.

By this time they reached what was known as the "borders of the wilderness," beyond which the Lamanites seldom ventured unless at certain seasons for the purpose of hunting, and then only in large companies.

They had brought provisions to last them thus far, and had made no fires for fear of attracting the notice of the enemy. Once beyond the bounds of human habitation, they were obliged to depend upon their skill as hunters and the natural fruits of the country for food.

As they traveled northward the heat became greater and greater. Wild beasts became more frequent, larger and more fierce. Birds of brilliant and varied hue flitted from tree to tree, and monkeys screeched and chattered at them from the branches overhead. New and luscious fruits were encountered and tested by the more fearless. All this was pleasant and diverting enough, but dangers increased in like ratio. The woods became heavy and almost impregnable. Large rivers and extensive morasses became frequent, from which heavy miasmatic vapors arose, producing sickness among the travelers. Numerous insects of a poisonous nature afflicted them, and heavy rains hindered their progress.

But still they pushed on, for their strength was that of men grown desperate. They had thought to reach the region of Zarahemla in about one month from the time of departure.

Twice now had the moon waxed and waned, and yet appeared no sign of human occupation, though according to their compasses, they had traveled as due north as possible to determine, under the shadow of an almost continuous forest. At last appeared what seemed to be a culminating point in their progress. On their left a continuation of a chain of mountains already familiar to them; on the right an interminable expanse of ocean water. They did not know that this was but a narrow neck of land joining a great southern to a still greater northern peninsula, yet in their hearts they felt it to be a point of great importance in their journey.

"Shall we push forward," asked Abinadom of his men; "or return to our homes?"

"Forward, forward," was the unanimous verdict. "To return is slavery, perhaps death; to go on may lead to something better, it cannot be worse."

"So be it," replied the dauntless leader. "I am with you to the end, be it sweet or bitter." And so the weary company pursued their unknown way. Time would fail us to follow them through their devious wanderings over the vast untracked wilderness; of the almost superhuman strength and energy expended by them in overcoming seeming impassable obstacles; of the weary days which lengthened into weeks and gradually told themselves into months of fruitless search, and unpaid endeavor; how the weaker ones dropped by the wayside, and were placed by their heart-stricken comrades into unknown graves in the great silent land of death and desolation.

Seven months of this wearying and disheartening toil passed over their devoted heads, and then the appearance of the country took on a change. Signs of human habitation began to appear in the form of an occasional ruined habitation, a weed-

infested garden, or a devastated field, in which wild bands of horses and cattle grazed at will. These signs increased in number and frequency as they proceeded northward, but no evidence of human life or occupancy enlivened the scene. All was still, silent, desolate as the grave.

At last there came a day when the strangest, wierdest, most gruesome and death-like scenes ever vouchsafed to mortal man burst upon the vision of the awe-struck visitors. They had reached a land of "many waters." Lakes and rivers, small and great, studded the land in every direction, watering and beautifying an extensive plain, diversified occasionally with small, rolling hills,

Around one of these hills, the largest and most conspicuous in the vicinity, were strewn, knee-deep, the bleaching bones of thousands of human beings, young and old, male and female. Mingled with them were the bones of horses, the remains of chariots, shields, bucklers and weapons of war. In every direction throughout the adjacent country were the ruins of vast cities, huge temples and towers, and desolate fields and gardens.

"Alas, my brothers," cried Abinadom, "what desolation do we find here; and what recompense for all our labors? Our brethren have waxed fierce and sinful in three generations, and destroyed each other like wild beasts. Zarahemla, the beautiful, is no more. Her land is left desolate, and her children lie low in death. Our mission is finished, my brothers; we will return and bear the mournful tidings to our afflicted king and people."

Sadly and painfully the remnant of the dauntless company retraced the path by which they had arrived at the scenes described. During the months which must elapse before they reach their destination, we, too, will retrace our steps, and take cog-

nizance of what has transpired during their absence,

After the safe departure of Abinadom and his men, King Limhi employed all his forces in continuation of his preparations for the reception of the approaching enemy. It was not his intention, if it could be avoided, to come to open combat; for he realized how inadequate his handful of people might prove, in opposition to the countless hordes of the Lamanites. His plans were, to act purely on the defensive, and to seek for some means of conciliation until such time as help might arrive from Zarahemla. The city being well fortified, and food having been provided to last some weeks, there was little immediate danger, with ordinary watchfulness; and he thus hoped, at the worst, to ward off destruction until assistance should arrive.

Two days later saw the city encompassed by the enemy. A letter, dispatched to their king, Laman, by a small company of men bearing a flag of truce, and demanding why he had thus broken the terms of their latest treaty, was forthwith answered by the assertion that the treaty had been already broken, and that the Nephites, not the Lamanites, were the aggressors. This placed a new aspect on affairs, and Limhi at once sent a request for an audience with the Lamanite chief. This being granted he was pained and surprised to learn, that certain of his subjects and countrymen, had surprised and kidnapped twenty-four Lamanitish maidens, when they were assembled for recreation at a certain place, and carried them away no man knew where. Promising to make inquiries into the matter, arrest the parties, and deliver them over to the Lamanites for punishment, Limhi returned to his palace. Investigation proved the dastardly deed to have been performed by outlaws, formerly priests of the former king, the father of Limhi. These men, long before,

because of their iniquity, and for fear of punishment, had fled into the wilderness and were never again heard from until the present time. This intelligence was joyfully communicated to King Laman, who was therefore partially pacified, and consented to withdraw his people from the city, with an oath that he would not allow them to slay the Nephites. The conditions of the former treaty, by which the Nephites were required to pay a tribute of one half of all their possessions to the Lamanites was left unchanged.

For a short time peace prevailed, but soon the crafty Lamanites invented pretexts to again encompass their bondmen about. They dared not slay them because of the oath of their king, but they smote them, put burdens upon them, and drove them about like dumb beasts, until human endurance ceased to be a virtue, and the people insisted upon going to battle against their enemies, contrary to the wishes and advice of King Limhi. Twice they followed the bent of their own inclinations, and as often were driven back to their cities with great slaughter.

The remainder of the people were thoroughly cowed, and grovelled in the depths of misery and humiliation. The marauders had left ruin in their wake, and the poor proprietors found plenty to occupy them when peace was at last partially restored, in seeking to restore a semblance of order from the ruin and disorder around.

When the expected time for the return of Abinadom came round, preparations were quietly made to receive them. A small party went out to meet them, returning, after a few days, disheartened, but not hopeless. "The force is large, and must necessarily move slowly," said the king; "we must be patient; our captivity doth make us over-anxious." In a few days, others were sent out, going still farther north, in the hope of meeting the missing party. Still further disappointment. "Perchance

there has been an ambuscade, and the Lamanites have driven away their horses and cattle. We will wait other few days and again send forth our strong men to meet them."

So they lived on in hope and fear from day to day, and week to week, until months had gone by in weary and fruitless watching and waiting. Then smiling, beckoning hope gave place to dark and dull despair, and there was mourning in the lands of Shilom and Lehi-Nephi, for the forty-three lost and slain of her noblest and bravest sons.

For a time, with her mother's aid, Shemlah succeeded very well in her resolution not to mourn for her absent lover. She employed herself in study and in inditing those poetical effusions for which she was already somewhat famous among her own people. She sought with true womanly tact and perseverance, to succor the sick and sorrowing, and upheld the weakened faith of her father's persecuted subjects. As the expected time passed in which Abinadom should have returned, doubts and fears began to assail her, but she struggled bravely against them, and lest the people should suspect she was losing hope, she went among them more than ever before, and forced herself to appear cheerful even when her heart was like to faint from its own burden of grief and foreboding. Unrealized by herself this course was indeed the best she could have pursued to beguile the weary tedium of waiting.

But even this grand effort of will could not outlast the many months of suspense which ensued, and at last hope died in her heart, and she succumbed to what seemed to be the inevitable with a pitiful attempt at resignation. It was a hard trial, and under the strain she had grown thin and pale, with dark circles around her mournful dark eyes. She rarely smiled, she never sang, she lost interest in her flowers and birds, in all that had formerly been a joy and

pleasure. One thing only remained to remind one of the former light-hearted maiden—her love for poetry. Pen in hand, she would sit for hours gazing at the distant mountains whose dim outlines hid from her view the path which had been trodden by her lover, and over which he must travel should he ever return. How she wished she might see beyond them; how in imagination she had traveled that road, league on league in sweet companionship with Abinadom! How, in her dreams, had she again and again traversed the same route, laboring, searching among rocks and crags through pathless woods, for the loved and lost! What wonder that in the extremity of her woe she cried out in anguish for relief, and that her soul found its only peace in committing her sad thoughts to the scroll within her hand.

SHEMLAH'S LAMENT.

My soul is heavy; and my heart bowed down;

The way is dark; I grope in vain for light;
The smile of heaven deepens to a frown;

The glorious day is gored in darkest night.

I sit alone—and shadows longer grow.

The night falls down; the moon comes on
apace—

Thy dear voice whispers on the night; breeze low,
And in the moon's pale beams I see thy face.

Avant, thou Johantom, trouble me no more.

Alluring vision, vanish from my view!
Knowest not Abinadom has gone before—
From this base sphere to mansions far and new?

"And yet, perchance," Hope whispers to me so,
"He may return, to home and love, and thee,
May cast his treasures at thy waiting feet,
And succor bring to set the captive free."

Return, return, my lord—my love—my life!
Why dost thou tarry? Shemlah bids thee
come.

Canst thou not feel the yearning of thy wife?
Where art thou—where—my love, Abinadom!

"No more, no more," the mournful fir-trees sigh,
"No more," the waters murmur on their way,
"Alas! no more," my heart doth make reply,
"Thou'lt come, my lord of life, my light of
day,

To lead thy Shemlah's steps upon their way,
Farewell, Abinadom."

Night's sable mantle is once more spread protectingly over an afflicted kingdom and people, and to those with no troubles greater than their own, merciful slumber has come to relieve them of the gall of captivity. Shortly after midnight, the drowsy sentinel at the west gate of the capital was startled by three slow, distinct blows upon the gate from without. He sprang to his feet, and quickly unsheathing his sword, exclaimed: "Who stands without?"

"Friends," was the brief reply.

"How am I to know that?"

"By giving thee the password. But first tell me thy name, and if the Lamanites are in possession of the city?"

"My name," said the sentinel, "is Cumen. The Lamanites are not in the city, thank heaven, although we are their bondmen, almost slaves."

"Glorious tidings, our friends are still alive. Open, good Cumen, and let the wanderers home."

"But, my friends, ye forget I know not who ye are."

"True, true, we are thy friends; the password—Zarahemla. Open, I pray thee."

The bolt grated in the heavy lock; the ponderous gate moved slowly back, disclosing in the dim light on one side, the aged gate-keeper, still hale and hearty, sword in hand, alert for defense, if necessary: on the other, eighteen men, some on foot, one or two on horseback, some leading their animals, but all bearing evidence of intense hardships and long exposure. The keeper flashed the light of his lantern from one to the other, then stood still, speechless with wonder.

"Put up thy sword, good Cumen," said he who had been spokesman before. "We are friends, and come in peace, not war. Dost thou not know us, and hast not a welcome for the long lost wanderers?"

"Abinadom—can it be thou?"—
faltered the old man.

"In very truth, brother, Abina-

dom, with what is left of his brave and trusted followers."

"Joy, joy, the lost are found; the dead are raised to life again," almost sobbed the old man, as he embraced each ragged form, and drew them within the gate, which he at once closed and locked.

"Let every man go at once to his own home, and make no disturbance before morning, lest the Lamanites become aware of an unusual occurrence, and seek knowledge of the cause. At the fourth hour tomorrow, meet me at the head of the causeway near the palace and we will make our report. I will away to the king, and if he be not in slumber, make known to him our return."

So saying, Abinadom left his men, and strode quickly through the deserted streets toward the king's palace. At the gate he gave the password without making himself known. So also to the sentinels at every door until he reached that of the king's private apartments. Here, a voice, remembered as that of an old and well-tried servant of the household, accosted him.

"Hold; who comes there?"

"A friend and brother. Put down thy lance, Ishmael."

"Who art thou?"

"I am Abinadom," was the reply in a low voice. "Does the king sleep?"

"Alas, no, my lord. The affairs of his people sit heavy upon the king, and drive slumber from his brain and peace from his heart. He will rejoice to see thee."

With these words, he knocked three times upon the door. A voice from within replied: "What is wanted?" "Abinadom, captain of the guards, has returned, and would have audience with the king."

Before these words were scarcely uttered, the door was flung open and the king himself rushed forth, flung himself upon Abinadom, at the same time drawing him within the chamber with the joyful cry: "My son, my

son, art thou indeed returned?"

And the two strong men fell upon each other's necks and wept tears of joy. Hours were then consumed in mutual explanations of the events which had transpired—since they separated more than two years before, so that morning dawned almost before they were aware. Having talked over all other matters of importance, King Limhi at last said:

"There is one heart, oh Abinadom, which will be made joyful at thy return, even were all others unmoved."

A reply trembled on the young man's lips, but it was not uttered. He could only look his answer, which was understood by the good king, who went on:

"Shemlah, our daughter, and thy promised wife."

"I would fain have asked of her, had I dared, but feared that in my long absence she had forgotten me, and mayhap some other—"

"Nay, nay—but I would have thee judge for thyself." He struck a gong, which was immediately answered by a servant.

"Ascertain if the queen be yet risen, and if so, request her immediate attendance."

"It shall be done, oh king," and the servant withdrew.

"My lord, I would feign exchange these rags for something more presentable ere meeting with the women of thy household."

"Nay, these are but the emblems of thine honor. But suit thy taste. In yonder room is clothing in plenty with bath adjoining. I cannot let thee leave me yet, lest this prove to be not reality, but only a dream of the night."

In a short time the queen made her appearance, in great wonder at the unusual summons.

"Art thou ill, my lord? Nay, sickness brings not light to the eye, and joy to the countenance. Tell me, I pray, what hath transpired."

"Joy, joy, my queen," cried the king, clasping his wife in his arms. "Our friends are not dead, but living: the wanderers have returned."

"What—who?" began the queen doubtingly.

"Abinadom—thou hast not forgotten him?"

"Forgotten! oh Shemlah, Shemlah—" and the queen broke down under the burden of her emotion.

"How is the dear maid, mother? Has she rested the past night?"

"Nay, never has she been more restless. Sleep has never once closed her eyelids. She has been beset with the idea that Abinadom hovered near her, and she feared to sleep, lest he would come no more. Ah, my lord, 'tis a sad sight."

"But one which will soon be done away. My, queen, behold thy son."

The greeting was a quiet one, but full of deep emotion on both sides.

"May I not see my poor love at once?" asked Abinadom, who had overheard, with deep feeling, the conversation between her parents.

"Nay, she must needs be prepared, lest thy sudden appearance break the slender thread which binds her weakened body to her sensitive spirit. I will undertake the task, and in one hour you may secrete yourself near her bower, and act as wisdom may direct."

At the specified time, the mother and daughter emerged from the palace and walked slowly toward the arbor. From his hiding place Abinadom had a full view of his betrothed, and was shocked and terrified at her altered appearance.

"What a beautiful morning," said the queen, by way of opening a conversation.

"Oh yes," was the reply. "Mother how can nature be so bright and beautiful when the hearts of her children are heavy and sad?"

"To teach us the lesson of resignation, perhaps. There is a God above, my child, who never changes, come

what may. He overrules all for the good of those who trust Him."

"I know, and I feel better than I did: I think I slept a little after thou didst leave me. A few moments only but in that time I dreamed of Abinadom. I thought he was returned."

"A good dream, and given for thine encouragement. I have not yet given up hope of his return."

"Ah, no, he will never return, to thee, mother. To me, he has been long present. I hear his voice in every sound of nature, and his face is before me always."

"Shemlah!" From his hiding place Abinadom spoke her name softly, tenderly, reverently, almost unconsciously.

"There, mother, didst thou not hear it? Oh, mother, is it his spirit, and has it come for me? Am I going to die?"

"Nay, child, thou art just going to begin to live. I did hear a voice, but it was no spirit. That which I heard was reality: bright, true, living reality."

"Mother, what meanest thou? There are tears in thine eyes, but thy face speaks of hope and joy?"

"Shemlah!" Again her name is spoken, louder and with an unmistakable living happiness in it which she cannot misunderstand.

With one bound she springs to her feet, looks around eagerly, and holding out her arms, cries pleadingly:

"Abinadom, where art thou?"

"Here, my love, and not in spirit, but alive and well," and he sprang into the arbor just in time to receive the swaying form of the half-fainting girl in his arms. She did not faint, however, and having ascertained this fact we will withdraw with the queen mother leaving her to the tender care of her long-loved, long-lost, but now regained lover. Such scenes may be imagined, but they cannot be described. And methinks, they should not be made public property.

There are things in life which are too holy and sacred to be even uttered, and this is one of them.

A great feast was held in honor of the return of Abinadom and the remnants of his exploring party. In connection with this season of rejoicing was also celebrated the marriage festivities of the hero of the hour and the supremely happy Shemlah. Three days were thus occupied, and then came a general funeral service for those unfortunate brothers who had so nobly sacrificed their lives in the cause of liberty; even those who had found graves in the lone wilderness by the way.

Towards evening of the day on which the latter services had been held, King Limhi, with Abinadom and his guards, went outside the city gates to survey the condition of the surrounding country and crops. Though the journey of the explorers had apparently failed in its primary object, still the king felt encouraged in the hope of some unforeseen rescue, and there was formulating in his mind, and in those of some of his wisest counselors, a plan for stealing out of the land of the bondmen, and in some of the desirable spots described by Abinadom, there to found a free and independent nation, far from the curse of the hated Lamanite.

Thus it is ever, so long as we depend upon others, so long our natural energies lie dormant; but once convinced that our only hope lies in our own efforts, and we rouse our sleeping faculties, and often surprise ourselves with our own capabilities.

While the king and his men were without the gates, they discovered in the distance, a small party of men, dusty and travel-stained, riding in the direction of the city. Supposing the people of Zarahemla to be all slain, and knowing there were no other people of fair skin in the vicinity, he at once leaped to the conclusion that they must be those wicked priests of his father,

who had carried away the daughters of the Lamanites. Acting in accordance with this decision he at once sent a part of his men to meet them with instructions to arrest, bind and cast them into prison. Having given this order, he returned into the city without waiting to see the prisoners.

Two days later they were brought before the king, and commanded to speak in their own defense. One, who appeared to be leader, a strong and mighty man, bowed before the king and said:

"Oh, king, I am very thankful before God this day, that I am yet alive, and that I am permitted to speak, and I will endeavor to speak with boldness. For I am assured that if ye had known me, ye would not have suffered that I should wear these bands, for I am Ammon, and a descendant of Zarahemla, and have come up out of the land of Zarahemla, to enquire concerning our brethren, whom Zeniff brought up out of that land."

The captives were liberated, and treated with the greatest consideration. The remaining thirteen, who had not been discovered, and were yet without the city, were sent for and brought in, that they might rest from the fatigues of their forty days' perilous journey. A proclamation was sent forth for the people to gather at the temple on the morrow to hear the joyful tidings, and when they were gathered together the king spoke to them in this wise:

"O, ye, my people, lift up your heads and be comforted; for behold, the time is not far distant when we shall no longer be in subjection to our enemies, notwithstanding our many struggles, which have been in vain; yet I trust there remaineth an effectual struggle to be made."

He went on to review their troubles in the past, their many deliverances from seemingly insurmountable perils, and encouraged them to hope and trust for the future.

By invitation Ammon then rehearsed to the people all that had transpired since Zeniff had left Zarahemla. The record of the people of Limhi was then brought forth, and having been read by Ammon, it was enquired of him if he could interpret languages.

"For," said he, "being grieved for the afflictions of my people, I caused forty-three of my people to take a journey into the wilderness, in the hope of finding Zarahemla, and they were lost in the wilderness many days, and found not Zarahemla, but found a land covered with the bones of men and beasts; and with ruins of buildings of every kind; a land which had been peopled with a people numerous as the hosts of Israel. And for a testimony that these things are true, they have brought twenty-four plates, which are filled with engravings, and they are of pure gold. And they have brought breast-plates of brass and copper, and they are large and sound. And again, they have brought swords, the hilts thereof have perished, and the blades are cankered with rust. There is no one in the land able to translate the language of the plates, therefore I ask thee, canst thou translate? and knowest thou of any one who can translate? for perhaps they may give us a knowledge of these people who have been destroyed, whence they come and who they were, and how they came to their sad ending."

Once more the hearts of Limhi and his people were made glad by the reply of Ammon.

"I can assuredly tell thee, oh king, of a man that can translate the records; for he has wherewith he can look, and translate all records that are of ancient date; and it is a gift from God."

And the things are called interpreters, and no man can look into them except he be commanded, lest he look for that he ought not and perish. He who is commanded to

look into them is called seer, and he who is king in the land of Zarahemla is the man who has this high gift from God."

And the king of Shilom and Lehi-Nephi rejoiced exceedingly, saying:

"Doubtless a great mystery is contained within these plates, and these interpreters were prepared for the purpose of unfolding all such mysteries to the children of men."

Festivities and rejoicings over Ammon and King Limhi began to consult with the people how best to deliver themselves from bondage. In the midst of these deliberations, Gideon, captain of the army, presented himself before the king, saying:

"Now, oh king, thou hast many times hitherto hearkened unto my words when we have been contending with our brethren, the Lamanites. And now, oh king, if thou hast not found me to be an unprofitable servant, if hitherto my words have been of service to thee, even so I desire thou wouldst listen to my words at this time, and I will be thy servant, and deliver this people out of bondage."

Pleased with the proposition, the king bade his faithful warrior speak.

"Behold the back pass, through the back wall, on the back side of the city. The guards of the Lamanites by night are drunken. Therefore send a proclamation among the people, to gather their flocks and herds together, that they may drive them into the wilderness by night. And I will go according to thy command and pay the last tribute of wine to the Lamanites, and they will be drunken, and we will pass through the secret pass on the left of the camp, when they are drunken and asleep. Thus we will depart with our women and children, our flocks and our herds into the wilderness; and we will travel around the land of Shilom."

King Limhi was pleased to hearken to the counsel of his captain,

and all things were done in accordance with his views. A few nights later, the people, having gathered together all they could take care of in their journeyings, passed in the darkness out of the city leaving it silent and deserted. They went round by the land of Shilom, bending their course toward Zarahemla, being led by Ammon and his brethren. As they reached the summit of the hills bounding the country of Lehi-Nephi and Shilom on the north, Shemlah, who was riding beside her husband, said:

"Let us pause a moment, Abinadom, and look our last upon the land of our sorrow and our joy. Many a time and oft, my lord, in the weary days now past, have I passed in vision this barrier which obstructed my view, in search of thee, or in blest companionship with thee, even as now, my husband."

"Even so, sweet wife, those heavy days are gone forever. Let us leave them behind in the land of our captivity, and look forward with blessed hope to a happy and peaceful future, devoted, not to war and bloodshed, but to the development of those finer feelings and attributes of our

natures which are the only true happiness. Linger not, my Shemlah, my spirit yearns to be free from the confines of this hateful land, and to mingle with those whose single banner is one of peace and freedom. Let us be gone."

"I am with thee, my husband, thus I cast from me all memory of and longing for the home of my childhood; and turn to ally myself with our kinsmen of the north."

So saying, they turned their horses' heads toward the receding company. Thus we will leave them, happy in their love, and in the joyous thought of liberty for themselves and their children after them. We will not follow them on their pleasant journey; will not detail the fruitless search of the Lamanites for their runaway *protéges*, nor the warm welcome received by the wayfarers from their kins-people in Zarahemla; of the translation of the records found by Abinadom, and many other items of interest which could be made to fill a volume.

Let us only remember, that now, as in ancient days, sunshine always follows clouds to the pure in heart.

Julia A. Macdonald.

BEYOND THE ARCTIC CIRCLE.

CHAPTER XIV. A Battle for Life.

From *Nordlansliv* I translate the following account of what is said to have happened at one of the fishing stations, one hundred years ago, before there was any governmental supervision:

Esra Hendriksen and Benjamin Bjornsen were neighbors. The story goes that their wives had got into the habit of quarrelling, until at last one day it came to blows. Benjamin had seen the encounter and had rushed up and struck Esra's wife. This Esra had also seen from the hill, where he was working, and had shouted to Benjamin:

"If seven priests had told me it, I would not have believed it of you Benjamin!"

After that there was an enmity between the two families. But at the Lototen fisheries, all such things are laid aside for the time being. All are too busy with the harvest from the sea to let petty quarrels hinder their work.

On the afternoon of one of the coldest days in Lofoten, Esra, with his five men, came rowing from the cove out towards the sea to set their nets. They had a "three sheets" wind. The sea rolled high, and the waves broke over the boat, so that one man was kept busy bal-

ing. It was extremely cold. The water froze on oars and boat; but there was no alternative; they must out with the nets.

They met Benjamin Bjornsen coming in.

"Can you spare me a man?" shouted Esra. "We have head-wind and must row out."

Benjamin's oldest son was having his first experience in Lofoten that year. He was a big, stout boy, seventeen years old, and the making of a fine fisherman. Hans, which was his name, asked his father permission to go, which was granted, and Hans stepped from one boat into the other.

The storm increased. The sea spray flew like dry ashes over the seven men. Their clothes became icy and stiff, their hair and beards became a mass of icicles. Their faces were coated with ice and their mittens turned to steel. When they reached the fishing grounds and began setting out the nets, one of the men sat immovable and became stiff.

"What's the matter with you, Ivar?" said Esra, "you must keep at work."

Ivar did not answer.

"It will be a serious night," remarked Esra. "You must ask God to help you Ivar, man."

There was neither time nor means to do anything for the poor fellow. In fifteen minutes he was laid down forward in the bottom of the boat—dead.

A hour afterwards, Per, another of the hired help, lay beside him, frozen stiff.

The nets were now out, and the sail was hoisted two sheets for the back trip. The wind grew worse. It became still colder as evening advanced, and the boat became heavy with clinging ice inside and out. The fishermen's coats were slick with ice.

Night set in. The sky was clear, but the stars were dim. The sea

was one white skum, while it hissed and groaned like a mighty torrent. Over on the rocks the waves rolled with thunderous roar.

All were still in the boat. Not a word was spoken. They had not sailed far ere the third fisherman was laid in the bottom. Esra repeated the Lord's prayer over him and said: "It seems that we shall all lay down our wandering stoaffs here. Well, we don't deserve anything better. Lord give us a merciful judgment, for the Lord Jesus' sake." "Amen!"

The wind ceased a little as they neared land, but the cold did not abate. The fishermen had worked themselves warm at setting out the nets, and now that they sat still the cold had more power over them. At first they fought against it manfully, but it was of no avail. The cold penetrated them and stiffened their joints and dulled their senses. Then it seemed to get warmer, and they gave themselves up to a peaceful feeling of ease and rest. They did not move, but one after the other they went to sleep and died.

The boy Hans was the liveliest of them. He laid his comrades down and over each of them repeated aloud the Lord's prayer.

The boat came up under the walls of the mountains. The wind hardly filled the sails. "God keep you," said Esra to Hans. "Maybe you, having young blood in your veins, can stand it."

A few minutes and Esra was lying with his fishermen.

Hans sat at the helm. He steered into the harbor with steady, mechanical movements. But how dark the night became, and how wonderfully warm.

Next morning the boat was found a stone's throw from the shore. Six men lay in the bottom with folded hands and closed eyes. Hans, the boy, sat at the helm as if steering, but he, too, was dead.

CHAPTER XV.

Farther South.—Dried Fish.—Mail Service.—
Beds and Lunch Baskets.—Back to Chris-
tiania.

Proceeding southward, we passed island after island of the Lofoten group, and then anchored again in a beautiful harbor. Solid rocks surrounded us which would keep the fiercest Arctic storm from harming us. It was snowing when we dropped anchor.

Next morning we were moving before the lazy passengers crawled out. Not even the racket caused by the heaving anchor had awakened us.

By following the chain of islands we had gotten far out from the mainland. The steamer now headed south across Vestfjorden, back to the coast. This fjord is usually quite rough and many are the fishermen's bones which lie on its bottom. We had fine weather across. A most beautiful blue sky was overhead. The air was crisp. With heavy overcoats, well buttoned, it was inspiring to pace the deck and make believe that we did not notice the gentle heavings which the ocean swells caused. We could see the Lofoten islands extending out into the ocean, the last being just a rocky peak, around which the sea gulls whirled, and, at other times, the storms hurled and tossed the ocean spray.

Six hours brought us across the fjord. The higher ground on the mainland was covered with snow, but the low islands were yet green.

The principal cargo of our ship was dried fish. At every stopping place, great bales of this commodity were hoisted on board from the flatboats which came alongside. This fish is not usually cod, but other kinds caught all over the north during the summer. The fish is simply headed, split up the back to the tail, and hung on a rail to dry. It then gets as hard as wood. It is then baled like hay, and ready for shipment. Our steamer filled her

hold and then stacked it on the deck. This fish must be soaked in lye water before it gets soft enough to use. It is then called *Lud fisk*, lye fish.

In lieu of lye, we would whittle off pieces with our jackknives and chew, after the manner of munching dried beef.

Towards evening the weather threatened again, but the days were getting longer as we proceeded south. At one time we got into a narrow place, and it seemed as though we were going right into the solid wall; but a few rods from the rock, the wheel buzzed around and the steerman pressed down hard, while the ship's prow glided around a curve. It was dark, too, and the whistle was sounded to warn any coming steamer. To meet in such a place would be awkward. Our line of coast steamers carried the mails and had to take and deliver mail bags at many of the out of the way places. This evening the steamer had to lay to under a high mountain, and sounded her hoarse whistle to some distant station. It was over an hour ere a small boat came sailing through the mist and darkness and lay alongside.

Speaking about mail, it is wonderful how complete the service is up in those northern regions. There are very few people who do not get a weekly mail. Even in winter, steamers big and little, push their way through ice and darkness and deliver the letters and newspapers from the south. This part of the mail service is carried on at a great expense by the government.

Next morning as a number of our fellow passengers crawled out of bed, a wonderful thing happened. They complained of very sore and tired backs, all because the beds were *too long*. Now, one of the abominations of Norway to the American is the beds, which are usually not long enough for a man of medium height to lie straight in. When lodging

together, Brother I. would form a zigzag like a letter W, and I would have to curl up in one of the angles.

Our lunch basket now began to give out and our purses diminished accordingly. We were Americans. That was enough. All Americans are rich and can pay a good price for everything they get, is the idea. Many a poor Mormon missionary has suffered in consequence of the liberality of the American tourist.

We rounded a headland that day and passed many fishing boats and crafts of all kinds, as all must out from the islands to get past this point. We pushed on all that night, and in the morning when we awoke

we were lying alongside the landing at Trondhjem.

We spent a week with the missionaries and Saints at Trondhjem. On October 25th, there was good sleighing in this city. The Arctic weather was following in our wake.

By rail over the Dovre mountains was a cold ride, but when we began the descent towards the south, we left the snow behind, and when we rolled into the noisy station at Christiania, the weather was quite warm, though we knew the brown falling leaves, and the whistling wind were but fore-runners of that which then reigned supreme away up north beyond the Arctic circle. *Nephi Anderson.*

SCANDINAVIAN REMINISCENCES.

VII.

FINAL SUCCESS IN NORWAY.

WHEN the brethren at the headquarters of the Scandinavian mission, in Copenhagen, Denmark, on the first day of January, 1853, were praising the Lord for the glorious success which had already attended the introduction of the fullness of the Gospel in Denmark, and also for the fair prospects in southern Sweden, they felt very much concerned about the Norwegian mission. The wholesale imprisonment of the Elders in that land was something unlooked for; and now they could only hope and pray that the spirit of freedom and liberty which for years past had characterized the Norwegians, as compared with the inhabitants of their two brother countries, would assert itself and frown down religious bigotry and intolerance, with which a selfish and hateful clergy were still endeavoring to enthrall the people.

On the fourth of January, 1853, the brethren imprisoned at Frederikstad and Elverhøj, in Norway, were again brought before the court for trial. About fifty witnesses were examined, all of whom were questioned

very closely in the hope on the part of the authorities to prove something for which they could be punished; but all the witnesses testified in positive terms that the missionaries were the most moral and honest people, both in words and deeds, that they had ever known. A similar trial was held on the fourteenth of January, at Kjölbergbro (the place where John F. F. Dorius and C. Knudsen were first arrested). On the nineteenth of January, and the seventeenth of February, they were subjected to another examination, at the courthouse in Frederikstad; but all that could be proven against them was that they had administered in some of the ordinances of the Gospel, according to the teachings of the Bible. Nevertheless a preliminary judgment was read to them at the trial, on February 17th, which imposed upon each of them a fine of eight ounces of silver or eight "Speccer" in Norwegian money; they were also to pay the cost of court and defray the expenses connected with their arrest and imprisonment. A declaration from the church department of the government endeavoring to show that they were not Christians and

denying them protection under the dissenter law, was read to them. This declaration was founded on numerous false accusations and interpretations of the principles advocated by the Latter-day Saints. The brethren soon afterwards wrote a communication in which they answered some of the most absurd of these accusations, and filed the same as a part of the court proceedings on the twenty-first of February, when the last trial was held. This document, however, the judge paid no particular attention to; nor did he notice the testimonies and explanations given by the prisoners and their witnesses in open court; but he followed strictly the interpretations and declaration given by the clergy. Consequently, the brethren were sentenced according to the preliminary judgment already referred to.

The findings of the lower court were read to the brethren on the fourth of March, 1853; but instead of receiving those as final, the brethren appealed the case to the higher court.

During his imprisonment, Elder Svend Larsen wrote three letters to the "Amtmand," in which he in the most emphatic terms requested to be released from imprisonment, as he was not guilty of any crime. At last an answer was received by the mayor of Frederikstad, who was requested to release him on condition that he should not perform any act pertaining to Mormonism any more. On the sixteenth of March, he was brought before the mayor to receive his discharge; but when the conditions named were read to him, Elder Larsen answered boldly that he would never cease to preach the doctrines of Jesus Christ as long as he lived. The mayor offered no objection to this, and Elder Larsen was consequently restored to liberty on the evening of the sixteenth; he proceeded at once to Osterrisör, where his family resided.

March 31st, 1853, Elder Christian

J. Larsen was released from prison without bail, in answer to a communication which he, on the twenty-third of that month, had forwarded to the "Amt" officials.

April 23rd, 1853, the decision of a higher court was read to those of the brethren who were still imprisoned. It sustained the findings of the lower court, but the "Amtmand" himself had appealed the case to the supreme court. The decision was accompanied by a communication explaining that the Mormons who were still imprisoned could be liberated if they would obligate themselves not to perform any ordinance or act pertaining to their religion. Before accepting liberty on these conditions, the brethren sent a communication to the authorities, of which the following is the translation:

"To the high Smaalenenes Amt:

"In answer to the communication from the high 'Amt' which accompanied the decision of the upper court announced to us on the twenty-third inst., and in which we were offered our liberty on conditions that we would obligate ourselves not to perform any act pertaining to our society, we respectfully submit the following:

"We thank the high 'Amt' for the proffered liberation from imprisonment and will willingly accept the same if we, as free men, can go wherever we like, promising, however, to meet here at the proper time to receive the judgment which may be rendered against us. We will obligate ourselves not to act contrary to the principles of the Gospel after our liberation. If we can be permitted to go out on these conditions, it is well; if not, we must with patience await the final result of the case. Respectfully,

"J. A. Ahmanson, J. F. F. Dorius,

"Jeppe G. Folkman, O. Olsen.

"Chr. Knudsen, N. Hansen.

"Frederikstad Courthouse,

"April 24, 1853."

On the fourth of May, 1853, the following answer to the foregoing was received:

“*From Smaalenes Amt:*

“Though the imprisoned Mormon preachers, as we learn from the mayor’s communications of the twenty-fifth and thirtieth of April, have refused to promise positively to refrain from *all* acts similar to those for which they have been sentenced, if they are liberated, yet, in consideration of the present status of the case, there seems to be good and sufficient cause for their liberation; but in setting them free they must be properly warned that if they commit any further unlawful acts, they will subject themselves to renewed intervention of the courts. In the meantime they are not restricted or confined to any particular place of residence, until the decision from the supreme court can be obtained. * * *

“Moss, May 3, 1853.

“*Birch Reichenwaldt.*”

After having thoroughly considered the foregoing communication, and the brethren at Frederikstad having also consulted their fellow prisoners at Elverhøj in the matter, they all agreed to accept liberty on the terms offered.

Accordingly, on the fifth of May, 1853, in the forenoon, the brethren at Frederikstad left their prison house, where they had spent nearly six months, and walked to the residence of Brother J. Johansen, the president of the Frederikstad branch, where they received a most hearty reception. In the evening of that day quite a number of brethren assembled in council to deliberate upon their future movements. Most of the brethren who had been liberated from prison spoke on this occasion, and there was great rejoicing.

While in prison the brethren wrote several letters in refutation of the lies and misrepresentations which were being circulated against them. Among the strangers who visited

the brethren in prison, was a man by the name of Carl Widerborg. His first visit was in November, 1852, and from that time he began a thorough investigation of the principles of the Gospel, both by reading the books and pamphlets which had been published by the Church and by conversing with the Saints in Frederikstad. When he first met the brethren, he was a merchant in that town, but had formerly been a school teacher, and had devoted his youth to study. Consequently, he was a well educated man and also possessed considerable natural ability, while at the same time he was meek and humble. Being above prejudice he took great interest in the brethren during their imprisonment, and rendered them efficient service in having their case properly brought before the courts, he being well posted in law and politics. In January, 1853, he made a trip to Christiania solely for the purpose of speaking in behalf of the brethren before the Church department. He was finally baptized on March 4th, 1853, and the following day, when he visited the brethren in the Frederikstad prison, he was by them ordained to the office of a Priest. From that time on he labored successfully in connection with the brethren who had been liberated (mainly Brother Beckström), to spread the Gospel; and when the Elders were released from prison, they found that the membership in Frederikstad and vicinity had doubled since the time they were deprived of their liberty. “Thus it is plain,” writes Elder Dorius, “that whenever the Almighty wants a certain work accomplished, no effort on the part of men can hinder it. ‘Amtmand’ Birch Reichenwaldt and his colleagues no doubt thought that by casting us in prison, they would put an end to the progress of Mormonism in Norway; but all who entertained such a hope were indeed doomed to disappointment.”

The Brother Widerborg named subsequently became a very important factor in the Scandinavian mission, presiding over the same two terms. He finally died in Ogden, Utah, March 12, 1869.

As soon as Elder Beckstrom had regained his liberty in December, 1852, he resumed his missionary labors and continued the same with good success until April 28, 1853, when he was again arrested by Mayor (Byfoged) Berg, because he would not cease preaching the Gospel. However, he was soon liberated again.

After Elder Svend Larsen's release from prison in March, 1853, he made a missionary trip to Christiania, after which he labored principally in Österrisör and vicinity.

President Chr. J. Larsen soon after his release, held a conference on the "Gaard" of Ingolsrud, which was the first conference ever held in Norway. Besides himself there were six other Elders, and also three Priests, one Teacher and quite a number of Saints present. The authorities of the Church were on this occasion sustained by vote of the Saints for the first time in Norway, and considerable business was attended to in the interest of the good work in that land. The Saints enjoyed the meeting exceedingly.

May 10, 1853, a few days after the last of the brethren had been released from prison, Elders Knud Peterson and Erik G. M. Hogan, from Utah, and Carl C. N. Dorius, from Denmark, arrived in Österrisör. Elders Peterson and Hogan had arrived in Denmark about three months previously, and were the first missionaries from Utah to visit Norway. Their arrival gave fresh impetus to the missionary work in that land, and the brethren who had been imprisoned so long felt greatly encouraged over this important addition to their strength. From now on the Norwegian mission became a decided success; the Elders renewed their diligence; new fields of labor

were opened, many meetings were held and quite a number baptized, notwithstanding the interference of the police and the frequent disturbances by mobs. At Frederikstad in particular the brethren were opposed and insulted by the citizens, the civil authorities refusing to render them any protection. In Österrisör the persecutions assumed such dimensions, that the mayor at last took the matter in hand and issued a proclamation in favor of the Saints.

The decision from the supreme court, which sustained the lower courts and was based on the absurd proposition that the Mormons were not Christians, was given toward the close of 1853. Such a decision, if it had been rendered in a country where the people were less liberty loving than in Norway, would perhaps have closed the labors of the Elders at once, at least for the time being. But as it was, the decision fell rather flat in the beginning. Nearly every intelligent person throughout the nation saw it was the work of the Lutheran clergy, who had exercised their influence to the utmost to bring about this result. They feared among other things, that if the Mormon Elders, who traveled and preached the Gospel "without purse and scrip," should get the ears of the people, it would have a tendency to open the eyes of the masses and create an opposition toward a hired clergy. The selfishness and bigotry of the Lutheran priests thus becoming apparent to the casual observer, the civil authorities of Norway soon learned to treat this decision of the supreme court with more or less contempt, so far as carrying out its conditions were concerned. Though a number of Elders, some of them perhaps more zealous than wise, were imprisoned and fed on bread and water, for baptizing and administering other Gospel ordinances, others, who pursued a more prudent and wise course, have labored for years and years as successful mis-

sionaries in Norway without coming in contact with the police or civil authorities. That an injustice was done to the Mormons in this decision of the courts, is at the present time generally understood and believed; and our Elders have of late years not been subjected to much annoyance on that account. The authorities in the larger cities in Norway are virtually extending the same protection to the Mormons as they do to other denominations; and it is only once in a while that some petty judge, under the thumb of the clergy in some rural district, raises the question, as to whether the Mormons may administer the ordinances of the Gospel or not; and arrests and imprisonments for baptizing, etc., now almost belong to the past, though the decree as rendered by the courts way back in 1853 is still in force.

Suffice it to say, that soon after the arrival of Elders Peterson and Hogan in Norway, a branch of the Church was raised up in Christiania, the capital of Norway; and in due

course of time the headquarters of the mission were removed from Brevig to the capital, where they still are located, and that too in a respectable and central part of the city and in a building erected and owned by the Church. So far as the writer knows, this is the only mission house owned by the Church in Europe.

During the first thirty-two years after the introduction of the fullness of the Gospel in Norway, four thousand two hundred and seventy-four persons were baptized of whom one thousand five hundred and eighty-four, exclusive of children under eight years of age, emigrated to the gathering place of the Saints during that time. For a long time the main missionary work was confined to the more southern part of Norway; but of late years the Elders have also labored with success in Nordland, and all the northern provinces of the country. At present there is a large force of faithful Elders from Utah engaged in the ministry in that far-off land.

Andrew Jenson.

MARIDON'S EXPERIMENT.

JAMES WHARTON was a practical man. Sentiment had had little or no part in the economy of his life, and he was proud of the fact. His prosperity he considered an unanswerable argument for the efficacy of stern dealing in business emergencies, and under that commercial head might be fairly listed all the eventful steps of his maturity. Even his marriage had been a matter of policy—the rose-pink tinge of romance that had onceloomed alluringly on the horizon of his youth having yielded peremptorily to the material prospect of securing a dowered girl for his wife. The merchant father-in-law had given him the “start,” from which had evolved a fortune that marked him the richest man in

Maridon, and made him figure-head in all social and public affairs.

It was during the campaign of his nomination for mayor that young Hudson Lee came to him with a proposal for his daughter's hand, and the rich man's answer was made with the same business brevity with which he was wont to refuse employment to ineligible applicants.

“Not the kind of man I should feel safe to have Lisle marry. No fortune—no plans—no present outlook but a salary! You can realize yourself it won't do. Take my advice and marry some girl who can work and help you sure—you can't expect my daughter to do that. I havn't spent a fortune on her education to fit her for drudgery, and

I don't owe the husband she may choose, a 'living. Under such circumstances your marriage with her is out of the question."

To young Lee's intimation that it was possible no other woman could inspire him with exactly similar sentiments to those he cherished for Lisle, Wharton replied with a skeptical laugh. "I know all about that," he said. "I've been through it myself. If I had given in to mawkish sentiment, I'd never have been where I am now."

He said it with his pride in the triumph of business principles obstructing totally the application of his own case to Lee's; and Lee would not remind him, though the man's condescending allusion to "salary" tempted the reprisal.

He went away feeling sore and injured; but after the first sting was over his own firmness of disposition made him review the case with a determination to impartiality, and the result was an eventual mental concession to the other's point of view, though not to the view itself. Wharton's total absorption in the struggle for material gain had tilted his nature to an uneven balance—the finer instincts oscillating high above the scale down-weighted with selfish principles.

Lee tried to keep this in mind as an excuse for the man's opacity in matters of sentiment; and his attitude towards Wharton when they met was such as to elicit a mental compliment from the acute observer of human nature.

"There's something to young Lee, I guess; it's not every man could see clear enough to conquer resentment. If it wasn't for his foolish Utopian ideas of equality and socialism, he'd possibly make his mark. I hope that he won't care long about Lisle."

But love was not to be reasoned away with the logic that cured resentment. Lee's passion fed and thrived on such husks as the brief

words and glances which passed between himself and his lady love when they chanced to meet on the street; and each day the thought of the dictum of James Wharton's narrow will as being final grew more insupportable to both. To Lee the vision and memory of the divinely conscious smile with which the girl he adored greeted him as they met on the sidewalk, and the grace of her trim figure arrayed in its chic costumes was what the image of the Madonna is to those whose hopes of heaven are entrusted to her intercession.

Every glimpse of her kept his love alive, and he grew thin thinking of ways to scale the barrier between them, knowing all the time that it was well nigh impassable. Meantime James Wharton's election had transpired, and he was putting the same vim into municipal affairs that had placed his own on a pinnacle. The same vim, but not perhaps the virtuosity of principle; the same energy, but not the alertness of eye to all business ideals marked his public career—for having achieved notability in private life, a desire took possession of him to have his term carry the distinction of an inauguration of progressive measures which should make the municipality a pattern that other cities might hope to copy.

The intention in itself laudable, was unfortunately the stepping stone to dire results; first in instituting expensive improvements in the way of lighting, paving, sewerage, etc., that soon reduced the surplus in the treasury; and secondly in establishing a new system of high taxes, a measure necessitated by the steadily increasing municipal demands and debt.

This alone created adverse opinion; and when the "hard time blizzard" of '93 swept upon Maridon burying prosperity up to the ridge-pole in its drifts of financial depression—public sentiment began to be fierce in its

strictures upon the policy of the municipal administration. To add to the sensation of the situation, James Wharton suffering himself from sudden losses was obliged to close the three factories belonging to him, and the three hundred workmen thrown summarily out of employment, kept the atmosphere lightning-tinged with demonstrations and clamors for public work a demand which the totally depleted treasury and exhausted credit of the city was in no condition to provide. Thus to his personal trials was added the burden of an entire municipality; and the mayor of Maridon looked forward to the remaining year of his second term, with feelings akin to one who strides upon a pavement underlined with bombs whose fuse has been already touched with fire.

Spring had come after a desperate winter, and the townspeople were voicing through the press a demand for indefinite "reform," while the poorer class, worn out with protracted destitution, made the fat of discontent seethe by their frequent meetings and petitions for public aid.

Wharton managed to put a bold face to the tempest in daylight, but the night hours filled his hair with frost-white threads, and made lines in his brow deeper than time could efface.

One day in the litter of mail laid on his desk was a letter from Hudson Lee. The mayor caught sight of the signature and scowled. Had the young upstart dared to impose on this time of reverses and sore straits to tempt him to reconsider the proposal to which he had once said no? He glanced it over with clearing countenance; and after a moment's deep thought despatched an answer by messenger.

That evening at 8:30 sharp, Lee was on hand to keep the appointment. The two men sat in Wharton's library till nearly one o'clock, and when Lee went away he left Maridon's mayor sighting the first sail of

hope that had appeared on his sea of trouble in two years.

The next morning Maridon's people saw in the *Daily Argonaut* an article heralded with effective headlines and signed "John Wharton, Mayor." Its tenor was as follows:

That owing to the deplorable condition of affairs brought about by the financial depression of the past two years, the city of Maridon found itself encumbered with debt; and having reached the extremest limit of available resources was consequently confronted at the present time with a most serious outlook. Not only was the municipality on the verge of insolvency, but the affairs of a large number of its citizens were in so desperate a condition as to leave them no alternative save sorest want or immediate relief. That having exhausted all resources of a public kind, which might aid in a satisfactory solution of the problem confronting them, but two alternatives now remained at the choice of the townspeople: i. e., either to declare the city insolvent, or to band themselves together in a body and unite their efforts, during a time at least, for the common good of the municipality. In case the latter plan was chosen, it was suggested that the factories in Maridon, nearly all of which had been closed, should at once resume operations; each individual employed to give his or her labor in exchange for necessary commodities to be furnished at other hands under like conditions according to the avocation or line of production engaged in by each.

As Maridon possessed facilities for the manufacture of nearly all the important staples, such as cloth, sugar, shoes, etc.; having besides coal mines for fuel and farm lands for food, it was pointed out that the entire community could easily exist upon the natural resources at command, provided its plan of action were based upon a system of exchange. Besides supplying individ-

ual or local needs, enough could be produced over for outside consumption as would bring money sufficient in a short time both to retrieve the credit of the city and relieve her debts.

It was further pointed out that only by collective effort, and co-partnership in the industries of the place could the situation be retrieved—as mere private enterprise, however successful, would mean the absorption of profits to private ends, thereby leaving the general distress virtually unrelieved; but by making the entire community sharers in the enterprise, all would reap the benefits which otherwise would revert to but one or the few.

As a start to the enterprise, the cloth, sugar and shoe factories belonging to James Wharton would be placed at the use of the municipality—the city and citizens to be joint owners of the stock to such amount as each individual contributed in labor or products to the general store.

As some capital would be needed to first commence operations, a novel plan was put forward by which it was thought a sufficient amount might be secured for the project, without resorting to a direct tax upon the townspeople. The suggestion was, that nearly every individual in Maridon, had in the past, joined in honoring the day commonly known as Decoration Day—by contributions for flowers with which to deck the resting-places of the dead; and that now, while reverencing as always this time-honored and honorable custom, it was yet a matter of common expedience, justice and charity that all should under the present circumstances, reserve for the needy living that tribute which as a matter of habit was cheerfully devoted to the dead.

“It is with no thought of irreverence for the observance which served as an expression of love and loyalty to the nation's heroes,” so read the

article; “but in this time of sore distress, when human beings want for bread, it is needless to point out or emphasize the discrepancy of motive that would distinguish between suffering and sentiment to the disfavor of the former. Therefore the reservation of the usual contribution was suggested as a voluntary tithe to be offered for the relief of those as yet not placed beyond the pale of earthly need.”

This with several minor suggestions made the gist of the article which caused the eyes and mouths of Maridonites to open wide with wonder and comment on this morning of early May. A year before, the idea would have been publicly and privately derided; but circumstance is a Napoleonic moulder of opinion, and after the first wave of surprise had passed, the entire community began to look upon the project with favor. Wharton's generous stand restored him to popularity, and did much to condone, in the eyes of the people, the mistakes of his own administration. All entered into the spirit of the enterprise with enthusiasm, and autumn found the scheme in fair operation. Already it worked to the extent of providing for the needs of the community; and the middle of winter found a considerable surplus of outside earnings to apply to the public debt. Outside opinion and conjecture as to the novel enterprise, were at first entirely adverse; but the beginning of another spring found the scheme so well on its feet, that public attention and comment began to be tinged with respect. This aspect of a community banding together in unselfish effort for the mutual benefit of all, began to be mentioned by the press with terms into which a great deal of poetry was infused. It was typical of the intense spirit of humanitarianism that had taken possession of the community that as another Decoration Day approached a repetition of the former reservation was

unanimously decided upon, and the "flower-tax," as it was prettily called by some, went to aid the enterprise whose end was to provide food, shelter and fuel for those still subject to life's needs.

On one of the last days of April, Hudson Lee received a note from James Wharton asking him to call at his house that evening. The two were in the habit of meeting frequently now in relation to the business of the co-operative scheme, so that the summons ought to have seemed ordinary; but there was something in the wording of the letter which led young Lee to expect surprises.

At eight o'clock he was ushered into the library where Wharton was awaiting him. The apparent question was something connected with the usual business of the new enterprise, but the discussion did not last a half hour. As Lee rose to go, Wharton laid his hand on the young man's shoulder. "I don't forget," he said, "that I am under obligations to you for helping me to a way of getting myself and Maridon on our feet. I never was in any man's debt more than a year's time in my life, and I don't want to break my rule at this late day. Lisle is in the parlor, and I believe is expecting to see you. I have only one condition to name, in case you should decide to marry.

I have not, in my life, been much a slave to sentiment, but there are reasons why I should like to have the marriage celebrated on Decoration Day." He went back to his desk, and Lee crossed the hall to the room where two white hands were outstretched to greet him, and two blue eyes shone joyously through tears, as Lee whispered blissfully "at last."

Was there a bluer sky or brighter earth in all time than that which saw the day that made them one? Surely its light seemed more golden than on common days—and as for the hour when they stood in the altar-window that was wreathed and banked with flowers furnished by hands which toiled securely and hopefully now, under Maridon's new motto: "*Each for all.*" It was true, as one said, that the reflection of the new spirit of brotherhood and love, whose influence was above them, transfigured their faces with a sort of prophecy of the dawning of that time when the golden precepts taught by Christ shall be practised and not only preached—lived as well as learned.

When the common good is the only good;
When the man is the keeper, too,
Of his brother-man; and 'tis understood
That the word of the Lord is—*do.*

Josephine Spencer.

THEOSOPHY AND MORMONISM.

I.

OCCULTISM IN GENERAL.

In view of the fact that many of my readers will have but vague notions concerning much that I may need to refer to in discussing Theosophy and Mormonism, I have thought proper to devote my first chapter to occultism in general. The word occult, according to Webster, signifies hidden from the eye or the understanding, secret, invisible, concealed, unknown. The word occultism he

defines as a certain Oriental system of philosophy. But I use the word here to cover all those theories, fancies, practices, and speculations, which, though outside the sphere of strictly physical investigation, still excite the curiosity and more or less engage the attention of all mankind. Some of these are known as witchcraft, necromancy, astrology, hypnotism, Christian Science, spiritualism, etc.

The first three named, to which

might be added alchemy, are very old "sciences," (if I may abuse this long-suffering word a little more in my dire extremity for a generalization). Like many other things which the wisdom or folly of antiquity bequeathed us, these crafts, which attained such high perfection among our ancestors, have long been tied in a bundle, labeled "superstition," and buried by that grim old gravedigger, Oblivion. *Requiescant in pace.* Alas for the fays and fairies, the spirits and genii, the hobgoblins and devils, that moved all this mysterious machinery! What has become of them since they have been compelled—

To let poor damnèd bodies be?

While the dust of materialism is settling year by year about the musty "black books" and "red books" which formed the oracles of our forefathers, what has become of the malevolent *diablerie* which responded to the midnight incantation read from the blood written page? Poor grinning shapes and shadows, how they must need an airing! How they must long and listen in their gruesome charnel houses for the crooning of witch and wizard to set them free!

But as I am neither wizard nor astrologer they must continue to wade through the phosphorescent ooze of their slimy death chambers. Perhaps the night of their imprisonment is short. Considering the rate at which materialism is wheeling about, who knows how long it will be before black cats shall lie across our throats at night, and hellish screams be heard when we insert a red-hot iron into the cream which fails to make butter? Nay, let me not take down the red book.*

* I had always been skeptical as to the existence of such literature, believing that the descriptions of these awful manuals of the black art, were part and parcel of the fabricated superstitions themselves, until one day lounging in a friend's library, I came across one of them in MS.

I dare not look upon its crosses and circles and squares, and compasses and signs of the zodiac, some in red, some in blue, some in black, nor read its blood-curdling charms and incantations save by daylight. The clock will soon strike twelve and I am alone. How shall I sleep after even the contemplation of it?

Seriously, what attitude shall we assume toward these superstitions? Shall we say that they are creations all of a disordered imagination, phantoms growing out of minds whose intellects are feeble, just as exhalations rise visibly from bogs and fens when the sun is obscured, but clear away when it shines with full warmth and brightness again? Or shall we believe that there is "black magic," witchcraft, necromancy and other diabolical means of communicating with the evil one and his emissaries? Theosophists do not hesitate to assert that these things are realities, nor to denounce those who engage in them for their perversions of spiritual powers. Black magic, say they, is what even the study of theosophy results in when motives cease to be pure and unselfish.

From the stand point of a Latter-day Saint there can be little question that the powers of darkness may influence men even to the extent of entering into compacts with them. Let anyone who is inclined to doubt this trace in the Book of Mormon the history of the secret oath and covenants that culminated

in the form. The body of the text was in English, but the oaths and incantations were generally in Latin or Greek. The book was full of diagrams, showing positions of the planets, and the cabalistic signs and often the texts were in various colored inks. Here were full directions how to league yourself with the powers of the air, how to call up spirits, and how to control them. I merely sketched the book here and there. It had a horrible fascination about it and I closed it and laid it away with a sense of growing fear. When my friend came I felt too guilty to ask him whether he had purchased the book as a curiosity or whether—horrors! I did not dare to finish my thought.

ated in the Gadianton robbers. He will discover that this hellish combination was of Satan's own planning, and that his first compact was with Cain; that the direful doctrines and secrets were revived by Akish among the Jaredites, and finally caused the utter overthrow of that people; and that judging by the fate of both Nephites and Jaredites, any nation "which shall uphold such secret combinations to get power and gain" will be wiped off the face of the earth. "I do not write the manner of their oaths and combinations," says Moroni, "for it hath been made known to me that they are had among all people." Similar testimony could be drawn from the Bible; and secular history is full of it.

It is pretty safe, therefore, to take a middle course in shaping one's belief as to the reality of witchcraft and the black art, neither holding with the ultra-credulous on the one hand nor siding in with the ultra-skeptical on the other; but believing that while the soil of superstition is ever ready to produce a marvelously luxuriant growth from a very meagre sowing, still, there is this sowing to account for, and it is very probable that occult powers are responsible for it.

One thing must be plain, that Latter-day Saints have no business meddling with this part of occultism. They are repeatedly forbidden to do so in scripture; and even aside from God's word, must not reason pronounce the same interdiction? Who can point to any good results coming to the race from the practice of these arts? Have not the objects sought to be accomplished invariably been selfish, the promoters wicked and corrupt, and the end thereof misery and destruction? That we did not band ourselves with the fallen angels in the great struggle in heaven is evident from the fact that we are here. That we may yet form this awful compact if we choose, I have not the slightest doubt; for God will no more coerce

our free agency now than He did then. But let men beware. Whoever gives such place to the devil, must take his portion with the devil. There should therefore be nothing in the baser aspect of occultism to attract our curiosity and investigation. On the contrary, horror and detestation should be aroused by the slightest allusion to it.

But is there any other aspect of this so-called hidden science that deserves better treatment from us? Perhaps this discussion will help us to answer the question more clearly. As to astrology and alchemy, for which learned men of today have so little respect, these are sciences pre-eminently exalted by theosophists above the sciences which have grown out of them. A philosophy which can come to conclusions so diametrically opposed to the materialistic ideas of the day, must present interesting phases of thought. What I shall have to say concerning these branches, which were so assiduously cultivated during the Dark Ages, will better fit in with the discussion of another part of my subject. I leave them, therefore, with the remark that if they are to be judged by their fruits, the superstition and material retrogression of mediæval Europe, it is not profitable, even if not dangerous, for Latter-day Saints to waste time over this part of occultism, either.

Consider next hypnotism. There can be no question that this is one of the realities. Every day the newspapers are full of the marvels of this newly-discovered branch of occultism. It is demonstrated that the person hypnotized is quite under the influence of the hypnotizer, and as responsive to the latter's will as if he were an extra limb. When the part chosen for the subject to play is comedy, we think it rare good fun. But already these psychical puppets have been made to enact tragedy of the deepest dye—not merely with toy-guns and paste-board knives, but

with real weapons. It was only the other day that I read the horrible details of a murder accomplished through hypnotism. Think, too, what opportunities hypnotism offers for other crimes. If Oscar Wilde's lecherous old father could accomplish the ruin of one of his fair patients while she was under the influence of chloroform, with what greater fiendish facility could her downfall have been brought about by this new power!

The most expert masters of this devilish art claim to succeed in over eighty per cent. of the cases they try to hypnotize. And once a subject has succumbed to the hypnotizer's will, he has little or no power to resist it a second time. Indeed, the operator may charge the subject, while the latter is in the hypnotic state, not to attempt any resistance in the future, and thereafter he can hypnotize the victim, with a look or a word.

Try to picture for a moment the awful possibilities of this damnable art in the perpetration of crime. It is claimed that the hypnotist may charge his subject to enter the hypnotic state on some definite date in the future, and then proceed to do whatever the operator wills that he shall do even though the latter be a thousand miles away. It is to be hoped that this is an exaggeration; for the evils that may be accomplished while the master is present to direct the movements of the subject are surely direful enough. That the fears here expressed are not fanciful, is best proved by the fact that France has enacted severe laws against the practice of hypnotism.

Nor does there seem to be any balancing considerations in favor of this art. While startling effects are sprung upon us every day, they are all on the negative side. Like the accomplishments of the black art, they are all inspired by selfish motives, and so far from having an ennobling, elevating influence upon

the development of the race, they tend to weakness and retrogression in the subjects acted upon, and to confirmed selfishness and pride in the operators. Attempts have, I believe, been made to use hypnotism in the healing art, not, however, with any lasting beneficial results. Outside the gratification of a morbid curiosity to pry into the workings of the human soul, no good has come from it—if, indeed, this even may be called a good. There are other things that Latter-day Saints can more profitably study therefore. They need to know only enough of hypnotism to detest and shun those who seek to gain power by its means.

Christian Science is another phase of occultism that is attracting wide attention in our day. Perhaps the adherents of this creed will object to my placing it among the hidden branches of knowledge. But inasmuch as it proceeds on the assumption that the only thing real is spirit, and that all things corporeal, including our bodies, are base illusions, I think it may justly be classed among the occult sciences.

It seems almost hopeless to get a rational idea of the philosophy—if such there be—underlying this system. Before me lies a ponderous volume by Mrs. Glover Eddy, the originator or discoverer of Christian Science. It is one of the most hopelessly garrulous books that I have ever tried to read. The author seems to have been guided by one supreme purpose, viz.: the making of a book whose dimensions should be commensurate with the growth and pretensions of this science. Vain repetition reaches a climax in the writings of Mrs. Glover Eddy. Volubility spouts unrestrained. Alas, alas, it is as if she had written it with her tongue instead of her hand—and what a tongue it is for disjointed movement! Every paragraph might serve for a beginning just as it might equally serve for an end. Indeed,

the pages might be cut loose, stirred up with a pitchfork, then bound together again as they should happen to come, and Mrs. Eddy's thoughts not suffer seriously thereby.

So little of unity and logical development is to be found in these endless pages that one is tempted to believe that the intellect and imagination which contrived them works only by inch lengths. But these detached lengths often sparkle like gold flakes in the sand; and I can readily understand how any one whose cranium is stuffed full of them might pass for wise and profound; just as a man with a pocket full of nickels and dimes often succeeds in conveying the impression that he has plenty of money.

At first I was disposed to believe this want of coherency lay with the author rather than with the subject. People whose undisciplined minds take a sudden shoot of ideas, invariably become more assertive and dogmatic than logical. I still think that a mind accustomed to co-ordinating and subordinating ideas would have succeeded better than Mrs. Eddy in making a system of Christian Science. But after all, the real difficulty lies in the subject-matter itself.

Christian Scientists have had their eyes opened to one mighty principle of truth, viz: that *mind controls matter*. I say have had their eyes opened, for this is by no means a new revelation.* Adam knew the

* In a hundred passages we are made to feel the saintliness of Mrs. Glover Eddy. Self-abnegation, spirituality, freedom from the follies, vanities, and carnal desires of mortality—these are qualities which we are led to believe have produced ideal fruit in this remarkable woman. Yet she starts her book, by saying. "In the year 1866 I discovered metaphysical healing and named it Christian Science." Think of it! Discovered healing by faith! Some one has tried to steal the glory of this discovery from her. Such a base insinuation arouses the good woman and incidentally convinces the reader that she is still mortal: "The cowardly claim that I am not the originator of my own writings

meaning, of it, and Enoch and his city were so actuated by it as to control the operation of the laws of nature. The sacred writings are full of the thought. Indeed it may be called the central theme of all God's revelations to man.

Now it is in the development of this thought in both its directions—in the direction of mind and in the direction of matter—that Mrs. Eddy and her disciples get hopelessly tangled. This central fact assured, they make the whole universe fit their theories and speculations. By one stroke of her pen Mrs. Eddy would sweep from existence all the conceptions of mankind regarding God and heaven on the one side, and matter and mortal existence on the other. The recklessness with which she slashes right and left at what men regard as realities, if those realities interfere with her speculations, would astonish the conservative mind, if disgust could leave any room for astonishment. In one breath she conveys the impression of a Deity more vague and impalpable than the God without body, parts and passions, yet of such a being, man is the reflection; in the next she talks of the fatherhood of God with all the recklessness of rhetoric rampant.

"Angels," she says, "are not etherialized human beings * * * they are pure thoughts winged with truth and love. * * * *My* angels are exalted thoughts appearing at

but that one P. P. Quimby is, has been met and punished. * * * When I first conversed with him, he still believed matter, sin, sickness and death to be verities. * * * Various books on mental healing have been issued in imitation of mine; but they are all more or less plagiaristic, and also incorrect." In the vigor of these and similar passages the reader feels that the teeth and claws of envy and jealousy are still unclipt in this modern saint. Her adherents have lately built a magnificent church in Boston in which a palatial room is made sacred to her alone. When will hero worship cease?

the door of some sepulchre where illusion has buried its fondest earthly hopes. With white fingers they point upward to a new and glorified trust, a higher ideal of *life* and its joys. Angels are God's impartations to man—not *messengers* but *messages* of the true idea of divinity flowing into humanity."

This is one of the most charming and coherent passages in the book. No doubt my readers will be pleased with it. I admit that if you do not wish to think the thoughts of it into line—if you desire to let your fancy flutter for a season on butterfly wings, as it were—then it is most charming. But think of wading through six hundred pages of such vague prettinesses, seeking some thought, some system of philosophy—and finding nothing but thistle-down!—why, I am ready to tear my hair in utter vexation and despair. Have you ever, in a dream, been thirsty and lain down to a bubbling spring, drinking for hours together without getting relief? That is my case at this minute, save that I am painfully awake, and know that my task is not done. Just now in the index I ran across the heading: "True idea of God." Here, thought I, is something definite and rational at last. This is what I found:

"Through the wholesome chastisement of Love we are helped onward in the march towards righteousness and purity which are the footsteps of science. Pausing before the infinite tasks of Truth we rest for a moment; then push onward till boundless thought walks enraptured and conception unconfined is winged to reach the divine glory. The true idea of God gives the true Love and Life, robs the grave of victory, takes away all sin, and the delusion that there are other gods, and leads mortals to the feet of Love."

Now, how long think you can a man escape the asylum and yet persist in trying to apperceive thoughts like these? I cease attempting to let the

founder of this system illustrate her own principles by quotations. I give only the vague impressions that I have gathered from the spirit of the whole work and from phrases here and there, rather than from any specific passage.

The only thing real in the universe is divine mind. This permeates all things and man's spirit, is but a reflection of it. The things we count most tangible, the earth and all that exists upon its surface, especially our own bodies, do not exist in fact—they are mere illusions. If our bodies are illusions, it follows that all the various conditions of those bodies, such as disease, are illusions. Here, for instance, is a woman dying of consumption—as she and all her friends think. She is dying of an illusion. Absolutely convince her that she is not dying, but well and strong, and she will be restored, yea, even if the illusions which she calls her lungs be almost gone. A cannon ball—an illusion in motion—carries off a soldier's leg. He loses this useful illusion, not because the cannon-ball is anything or the leg anything, but because he changes his mind. Could he have continued to believe absolutely that the illusion he calls his body remained intact it would have been even so. Moses throws down his rod—an elongated illusion—and it becomes a serpent. The rod was nothing but an expression of the prophet's mind. So the serpent is now only a new form of the illusion. When Moses catches the wriggling, hissing unreality by the tail, it becomes a rod again—that is the former illusion returns to his mind. You sit in the cool of the orchard eating an apple. These comforts are only illusory. Be absolutely convinced that you are partaking of poison—that is, completely change your illusion—and no power under heaven can save you from instant death.

All sin, all evil, says the Christian Scientist, is unreal, illusory. The

virtues only, which he sums up as Truth, Love and Life—other names for God—actually exist. Just carry this philosophy into the domain of your daily life. Every noble deed and generous emotion are real, every wicked thought and selfish emotion unreal—base illusions that hang like shadows over the divine ego.

Can speculation be more fantastic than this? In the light of this philosophy what a stupid joke is mortal life and all its concomitants! How can it serve the purpose of divine mind—which is Truth, Love, Life—to have reflections of Himself—that is, mortal beings—tangled into hopeless snarls of illusion such as sickness, sorrow, hatred, revenge, jealousy, sin, misery, death? Look at all the transpirings of history. They have no meaning whatever, in the philosophy of Christian Science. This panorama of mingled good and evil could surely not be merely for the diversion of the Divine mind; for how can Truth, Love and Life delight in anything so utterly silly as the poor illusions of mortals that caper for a time over an unreal earth and become still at last in a horrible but unreal grin from the tomb!

The fact is, Christian Scientists have a glimmering conception of keys, which, fully possessed, unlock

the powers of the universe. In so far as they comply with the condition of mind power they reap the rewards. They have no doubt produced wonderful results as regards healing the sick. But as for a philosophy connecting this principle of divine power with the universe they are utterly at sea. Like the founder, they must couch their theories and speculations in vague, well-worn adjectives and trite metaphors, if they would hide even from superficial investigation, the glaring absurdities therein.

Now what can Latter-day Saints possibly learn from Christian Scientists? Is it a startling doctrine to be assured that the sick can be healed by faith? Need we canonize Mrs. Glover Eddy for this discovery? Suppose a certain gentleman in faultless broadcloth (albeit he has a cloven hoot), presents a glass for you to drink. On superficial examination you pronounce it clear truth. You do not take time to see in it the sediment of error. Will you gulp it down because the gentleman is so affable and pleasant? Where did he get it? *You* may go to the fountain and share its sparkling purity with the sunbeams. Why then will you drink of the stream after it has reached the gutters and sloughs. Beware! Who ever drinks from the Devil's cup will get wigglers. *N. L. Nelson.*

JOAN OF ARC.

THE MAIDEN LEADER OF TROOPS.

At daybreak on the thirtieth of May, 1431, a priest entered the cell of a young woman at Rouen, and announced that he was come to prepare her for death. Not that the prisoner was ill—she was young, healthy and in the full possession of her faculties; the death she was to suffer was a violent one—she was to be burned alive. Burned alive at one-and-twenty! What could this young woman have done? She had

shivered the power of the English in France; she had, by means of enthusiasm which rendered her obnoxious to the clergy, roused the French nation from the torpor into which it had been thrown by the stunning blows dealt to it by Henry V. of England, and she had dared to thwart the purposes and brave the anger of vindictive churchmen like the Bishop of Beauvais, and the Bishop of Winchester, Cardinal Beau-

fort. The prisoner's name was Jeanne Darc, or as she has been more commonly but erroneously called, Joan of Arc. The priest's announcement took the poor maiden entirely by surprise. A week before, she had been led out into a public place in Rouen, and compelled in a moment of weakness, when sur-

perpetual imprisonment. The excuse for breaking faith with the poor girl was this: that since her abjuration she had said that St. Catherine and St. Margaret, with whom she asserted she was frequently in direct communication, had appeared to her, and rebuked her for her weakness in yielding to the threats of violence.



JOAN OF ARC IN ARMOR.

rounded by enemies—and not one kindly face among the crowd—and under circumstances of great excitement, to sign a document disavowing and solemnly abjuring certain charges of heresy which were preferred against her; and she had been told on that occasion that her life would now be spared, though she must resign herself to a sentence of

On first hearing the announcement of the priest, Jeanne's firmness gave way; she wept and gave vent to piteous cries, tore her hair and appealed to "the great Judge" against the cruel wrongs done to her; but by degrees her self-possession returned, and she listened to the ministrations of the priest, received the last sacrament from him, and

announced herself ready to submit to the will of heaven. At nine o'clock in the morning, she was carried away in the hangman's cart to the market-place in Rouen, where had been already laid the funeral pyre on which the young victim was to be sacrificed. The Bishop of Beauvais, Cardinal Beaufort, and several other prelates, with the English military commanders, were there, and a vast crowd came out to see the "Maid of Orleans" die. In the center of the market-place, about the spot where now stands a fountain surmounted by the figure of Jeanne Darc, the stake was reared, and around it were piled the faggots. Soldiers guarded the place of execution. The ceremonial of death was begun on that beautiful May morning by a sermon in which the crime of heresy was vehemently denounced; then the sentence pronounced by the shepherds of the flock upon the ewe lamb before them was published, and the signal was given to proclaim the last act of the tragedy. A soldier's staff was broken, and formed into a rough cross, which "the Maid" clasped to her breast. She was then bound to the stake, the faggots were lighted, the fire leaped up around her; and after suffering the agony indispensable to death by burning, her spirit returned to God who gave it. The English cardinal watched the whole proceedings with unmoved face; and when his victim's life was beyond his reach, he ordered her ashes and bones to be gathered up and to be cast into the Seine.

Joan of Arc was born January 6th, 1410, in the village of Domremy, in Lorraine, of poor but decent and pious parents. She was their fifth child, and owing to the indigence of her father, received no instruction, but was accustomed to outdoor duties, such as the tending of sheep, and the riding of horses to and from the watering-place. The neighborhood of Domremy abounded in superstitions, and at the same time sympa-

thized with the Orleans party in the divisions which rent the kingdom of France. Jeanne shared both in the political excitement and the religious enthusiasm; imaginative and devout, she loved to meditate on the legends of the Virgin, and, especially, it seems, dwelt upon a current prophecy, that a virgin should relieve France of her enemies.

At the age of thirteen she began to believe herself the subject of supernatural visitations, spoke of voices that she heard and visions that she saw; and, at eighteen, was possessed of the idea that she was called to deliver her country and crown her king. An outrage upon her native village by some roving Burgundians raised this belief to a purpose; her "voices" importuned her to enter upon her mission by applying to Bandricourt, governor of Vaucouleurs; and this, by the aid of an uncle, she did in May, 1428. The governor after some delay, granted her an audience, but treated her pretensions with such scorn that she returned to her uncle.

The fortunes of the dauphin, however, were desperate, and Bandricourt pressed by her entreaties, sent her to Chinon, where Charles held his court. Introduced into a crowd of courtiers from whom the king was undistinguished, she is said to have singled him out at once.

Her claims were submitted to a severe scrutiny. She was handed over to an ecclesiastical commission, and was sent to Portiers for examination by the several faculties in the famous university there. No evidence indicated that she was a dealer in the black art, and her wish to lead the army of her king was granted.

A suit of armor was made for her; a consecrated sword which she described as buried in the church of St. Catherine, at Fierbois, and which she perhaps had seen while visiting among the ecclesiastics there, was brought and placed in her hands.

Thus equipped, she put herself at

the head of ten thousand troops under the generalship of Dunois; threw herself upon the English who were besieging Orleans; routed them, and in a week forced them to raise the siege.

Other exploits followed. The presence of the virgin with her consecrated banner, struck a panic into the hearts of her enemies. In three months, Charles was crowned king at Rheims, the maid of Orleans standing in full armor at his side.

Her promised work was done. Dunois, however, unwilling to lose her influence, urged her to remain with the army, and she did so, but her victories were over. In an attack on Paris in the early winter of 1429, she was repulsed and wounded. In the spring of the next year she threw herself into Compiègne, then beleaguered by the English; made a sortie, in which she was taken prisoner, (May 23rd, 1430,) and was carried to the Duc de Luxembourg's fortress at Beaufort. An attempt to escape by leaping from a dungeon wall, was unsuccessful, and she was taken to Rouen. The University of Paris demanded that she should be tried on a charge of sorcery, and solicited letters patent from the king of England, which were reluctantly granted. The Chapter at Rouen were rather favorably disposed toward her. Many of the English in authority were unwilling to proceed to extremities. But the University of Paris prevailed; the examination lasted several months, and resulted

in a conviction of sorcery. The papers were sent from Rouen to Paris, and the verdict of the University was unanimous that such acts and sentiments as hers were diabolical, and merited the punishment of fire. Sentence of condemnation was, therefore, read to her publicly on a scaffold by the Bishop of Beauvais, and the alternative offered of submission to the Church, or, the stake. The terrified girl murmured a recantation put her mark to a confession, and was taken back to prison. Here she heard her "voices" again, her visions returned, and as heretofore stated, faith was broken with her. A huge pile of wood was erected in the market-place at Rouen, and, surrounded by a vast assembly of soldiers and ecclesiastics, Joan of Arc was burned.

The infamy of this transaction lies heavily upon all concerned in it; upon the Burgundians who gave her up; upon the English who allowed her execution; upon the French who did the deed; and the French who would not prevent it; and upon the king who did not avenge her, who waited ten years before he reversed the process by which she was condemned pronouncing her "a martyr to her religion, her country, and her king."

The character of the "Maid of Orleans" was spotless. She was distinguished for her purity, innocence and modesty. Her hand never shed blood, and the gentle dignity of her bearing impressed all who knew her. G. W.

LITTLE THINGS.

THE fact that in the doings of this world great results flow from small causes, and mighty movements are traceable to seemingly small beginnings, is no less prominent and important than its associate fact, that it is rare to find a great mind which in itself is not masterful in detail. The shallow reasoning which argues that he who has large plans afoot has no time for small things, has led to fail-

ures almost without number. On the other hand the world is full of successes achieved through attention to and control of the innumerable details and preliminaries and petty conditions with which all human schemes are associated. The homely advice to the British merchant—"Take care of the pennies, the pounds will take care of themselves"—answers well the purpose of the

thought I would convey. No man can accomplish great feats who neglects the small items that lead up to them; and in the same ratio that the smaller things are mastered and directed is the accomplishment of the great task made easy.

The most eminent thinkers of this and every other generation, are those who have come up through close study of and thorough acquaintance with the apparently trifling and unimportant fundamentals of the science they followed. It is told of one of the greatest of geologists, that while he could talk profoundly about mountain ranges, soils, strata and the world's successive changes and its age, he was seldom able to interest his audience in the colossal phenomena he described; yet the same scientist could discourse for a whole hour upon a single grain of sand and hold his class almost spell-bound. Books have been written, and are as keenly interesting as any romance, on subjects that are equally small. One reason probably is that the majority of mankind are not capable of grasping the immensities; but even where the mind is truly expanded and properly receptive, it is so constituted that it finds pleasure and profit in examining the beginnings and becoming familiar with the first small things.

The tendency of modern life is to despise these things. Its foundations are not laid with sufficient care. Children are hustled along with too great an anxiety to reach early in their school career the fine finishing touches of education regardless of the prosaic but much more necessary simplicities of the school-books. Many a boy who is able to read in the original Caesar's commentaries on the war in Gaul, is unable to tell from its length and breadth how many rods of ground are in his father's garden or to measure a load of wood on the wagon. Many a girl can thrum a piano and warble opera like a fat Italian tenor without knowing what makes the difference in the

tones of an instrument or that between a man's and a woman's voice. Many theoretical engineers cannot tell you intelligently the process of boiling water; and so-called agriculturists would in many cases be puzzled to tell why cream rises on milk. That iron is stronger than wood, everybody knows; but how many builders can tell why, or why iron itself is less hard than steel? As to why the branches of a tree grow upward and the roots grow downward, not one student in a hundred can tell with clearness and accuracy. And so the list of natural facts and processes that are every day seen but are not half understood, might be multiplied far beyond the limits of space afforded by these columns.

The trouble is, details are neglected and small things are overlooked. Too many go through the world with their eyes either shut altogether, or fixed on some far-away object without a glance for the objects that intervene and that are perhaps more interesting, and certainly quite indispensable. The story of the wise man of old who kept his gaze turned upon the stars and the heavens, meanwhile stumbling over and falling upon objects under his feet, deserves to be thought of in this connection; as does also the anecdote told by President Young, of the man who set out to chase a twenty-dollar gold piece which he madly followed here and there and up and down, but never overtook, while all the time he had been passing unnoticed dollar pieces and halves and dimes, that would, if picked up, have made him ten times as wealthy as the single elusive coin he had pursued. It is so with knowledge: the wise man is he whose knowledge is the most thorough, and which has been accumulated from countless small sources as he has gone along. The most successful man in large enterprises, is he who knows all about their details, and who does not have to depend upon others for information as to the conditions that surround or oppose him. *J. C.*

OCEAN CAPTIVES.

Adrift on the ocean's heaving bosom,
Near twenty miles from mainland shore,
Lone Rock idly rests in peaceful slumber—
The theme of no delightful lore.
No verdure softens the rugged outlines
Around that small and rocky spot;
Yet the lighthouse on its barren surface,
Many a storm has bravely fought.

The sun shone down on the steepled tower
The sea caressed the chiseled sides;
And the beacon light its beaming mingled,
Oft' with the music of the tides.
No footsteps traversed the rocky pathway,
From the beach to the lighthouse door,
Save the keeper and two fearless daughters,
Who skillfully plied the fitful oar.

Tho' many the years the keeper labored,
Ne'er once the light refused to shine;
Far out o'er calm or troubled waters,
The sailor saw its danger sign.
And oft' after seeking the needful viands,
That on mainland in waiting lay,
When darkness o'ertook him on his returning,
He was guided safely by its ray.

'Twas night; the calm and tranquil ocean
Was changed with the dawning of the morn,
To a raging mass of seething billows,
That seemed a fiend of ruin born.
Over the top of the scraggy edges,
Now boiling and hissing it raves—
What was once laved by fond gentle touches,
Lay buried 'neath the pitiless waves.

Above the surf loomed the lonely lighthouse,
And firm refused its strength to yield;
Against its walls beat the howling tempest,
Ruin with each lash concealed.
Through that wretched day the helpless inmates
Strove vainly their feelings to hide;
Their frugal meal they in silence partook,
While the beacon shone far and wide.

Days came and went and each changeless mor-
row,
Seemed far more hopeless than the past;
Their scanty store of food slowly lessened—
Each measure of meal made to last.
No succor came, and the saddened keeper
Bravely resolved to risk his life,
For he knew e'er long his starving children
Would die amid the ocean's strife.

It was all in vain his children pleaded,
His purpose to leave them forego;
He steeled his heart 'gainst their tearful sor-
row—
'Twas duty that called him to go.

With broken words and loving embrace,
Each one bade her father "God-speed;"
The little craft with its skillful master,
Sped o'er the waves like captive freed.

Hours passed away and the watching sisters
Spied no craft on its homeward way;
They knew at last that their absent father,
'Neath the treacherous billows lay.
Over the wide and once roughened surface,
A quiet smoothness seemed to creep;
Was it the life of the faithful keeper
That appeased the wrath of the deep?

Once more the night flings her sable mantle
Round the bleak retreat of Lone Rock,
Where sorrows fresh-born of gnawing hunger,
At the lighthouse door constant knock;
But list! Out against the tower window,
Comes a fluttering, feeble blow,
Yet it shatters the glass into fragments,
Like a daring, reckless foe.

In an instant the startled sisters,
With terrified hearts, sought and found
Only a wounded and wornout seagull,
For the far-away sea coast bound.
They tenderly soothed its bleeding bruises,
Till the hours of night fled away;
A thought to the elder quickly flashes
O'er her mind with a hopeful ray.

Tied round the throat of the captive seagull,
A message to mainland she sent;
With prayers that the bird might obtain relief,
She unloosed and away it went.
How anxious they scanned the foamy billows,
For a sign that might bring them bread;
But they vainly sought the relief denied,
And the last feeble hope lay dead.

Look! Far out on the deep waving ocean,
A speck in the distance appears!
Onward it comes with swift gladsome motion,
It signals! Thank heaven it nears!
Two sailors spring up the stony pathway,
That leads to the lighthouse forlorn;
E'er long in their boat the orphaned sisters,
Across the wide ocean are borne.

Fishing were they that lucky morning,
On the shore twenty miles ahead;
They found washed ashore the wounded sea-
gull,
Wth its sad, silent message, dead.
The bright welcome light that glimmered before,
Is seen no more the lost to guide;
And the mystic walls of the bleak Lone Rock,
Echo the music of the tide.

Hyacinth.

SAFE SUGGESTIONS.

SUCCESSFUL WORKERS.

One great need of the world is more sober, profitable thinking. People go about their business in a headlong way, never pausing to think of results and possible contingencies that will seriously affect the matter. A great mathematician said, that if he had but three minutes in which to work a problem on which his life depended, he would spend two of the minutes in considering which was the best way to perform it. In even so simple a thing as laying out a garden, it pays first to make a plot of the ground, and divide off the number of feet to be given to this and that product, and the respective places they are to occupy. There will, no doubt, be various changings of the plan, but they are much easier made on paper than on the ground. So it is in all other pursuits. It is easier to change and improve our plan before we commence to work than after we get well under way.

Advice from others is a good thing, yet, too much talking is apt to be a disadvantage to the working powers. One of Commodore Vanderbilt's strong points was, not to talk about anything until he had done it. It is an old saying of our grandfathers—"Say-well is a good dog, but Hold-fast is a better." The great and successful workers have never been the great talkers. They do not waste their strength that way.

Give to each piece of work as it comes up before you your best labor. Do it as if it were the only piece of work to be done that day. There is a satisfaction in work thus executed, that the slack workers know nothing of. Besides, "work well done is twice done." You do not have to go over it again the next day to repair the weak spots. It gives you a feeling of solid self-respect to look on the fruit of your labors when they are well done, and it commands the respect of your neighbors also.

"There is nothing that succeeds like success," nor any drawback like frequent failures. Think well, and work well, and you will hardly fail of becoming a workman that "needeth not to be ashamed."

LIFE'S EVENING GRAY.

Those who have taken suitable care of their bodily health and have accustomed their minds to active study and thought in early years, may go on gaining and imparting knowledge down to extreme old age. Many vigorous intellects have outlasted the frail bodies in which they were imprisoned, shining with their best lustre at evening time.

One of the most beautiful English sonnets was composed by Mason on his seventy-second birthday.

The Earl of Chatham, at seventy, sank down exhausted after a speech which outvied the most brilliant efforts of his early manhood.

Isaac Walton still wrote with enthusiasm his interesting biographies at eighty-five years old, and brought out a romance at ninety!

Necker tells us that seventy is an agreeable age for writing. "Your mind has not lost its vigor, and envy leaves you in peace."

Michael Angelo's creative genius still continued with him in extreme old age. One of his pictures, at this late period, represents an old man with an hour-glass in his hand, showing the sands almost run. Yet he is seated in a "go-cart," with the inscription upon it; "Ancora imparo." "Still I am learning."

Franklin was nearly fifty when he began his philosophical experiments.

Sir Christopher Wren was eighty-six when he retired from active public life, and the remaining five years were by no means spent in inactivity.

If one has wisely improved the period of youth and early manhood, middle life will find him with powers still vigorous, and with possibilities for attainment yet before him, surpass-

ing any that he has already made. Maturity of judgment and command of himself are wonderful elements of success. If life has not gone too easily with him, he will find his nerve and will power sufficient to push on to new fields of learning or achievement. These, after all, make the steam that propels the engine.

HONESTY.

Everybody says that everybody should be honest; but everybody is not honest either at home or abroad. That we should be honest in our trade, weight and measures, dealing with our neighbors and with our strangers is clearly right. That a strong principle of integrity should govern us, is just what every man not only admits but believes and contends for. There is no such thing as being too honest. Honesty is a virtue better than gold, richer than rubies, more precious than gems and costly trappings. It is a much richer adornment for manhood or womanhood than wealth can purchase or place secure. To be honest is to be like a child, and an angel, and Christ said of little children, "of such is the kingdom of Heaven." But we wish to write a word—a strong word—in behalf of honesty. There are many people who are honest away from home. They make home promises only to break them. As husbands they make a thousand and one promises to their wives, and hint a thousand good things and raise many pleasant expectations they never seem to think of again. As wives they practice a thousand little deceits, equivocate many times, when straightforward honesty was just the thing required. As parents they conceal, go around the truth, deceive and often falsify to their children, when the truth is always better, always the best. The children see their parents' double dealings, see their want of integrity and learn to cheat, deceive and equivocate. The child is too often a chip of the old block.

AN HOUR A DAY.

There was once a young lad apprenticed to a soap boiler in England, who resolved to read an hour every day in some useful book. He had an old silver watch bequeathed him by his uncle, and this he used to time himself. He served an apprenticeship of seven years, and during all that time had kept up his practice. Though a poor working boy, his master said that when his time was out he was as well informed as the young squire who had enjoyed every advantage for improvement. And all had come through that one hour a day of good reading. Just cipher it out and you will find that in the seven years he would have had nearly a year of study, which was quite long enough to make up a handsome store of knowledge.

Now if the boy had given his spare hours to reading trashy stories, such as the papers of the day are full of, he would have been much worse off than if he had just sat still and done nothing. There might be a chance then that he would think of something sensible and improving. But there is no improvement in that sort of reading. It is only evil, and that continually.

Read good reading, the very best at your command, and take a regular time for it, where that is possible. But it is not simply skimming over pages that will increase your stores of learning. You might do this for six hours a day and yet gain nothing. You would not think you had accomplished much if you had only got over two pages in the whole hour. But it might be time most profitably spent if you had thoroughly mastered every thought in it, and printed them indelibly on your memory. Even one paragraph thus gained would do you more good than pages of rapid reading which were forgotten as soon as the book was put on the shelf.

Whatever you read make it thor-

oughly your own. Master the ground you go over if you must take it inch by inch. Slow readers in general, are the only ones who gather much information from what they read.

CHANCE GAINS.

A little boy in a country town frequently went to "gift concerts," and such small lottery concerns, and had several times drawn a so-called "prize."

"That boy is always lucky," a young man said after he had just drawn the prize of a set of cheap dishes. "His mother is a poor woman, and will be greatly pleased at his luck this time."

The poor lad was, in reality, more to be pitied than envied. These dishes would be dearly bought before their evil influence was ended. He was forming a taste for such chance gains and very likely would spend ten times the sum in his efforts to get them than he would ever gain in prizes. If a man buys a lottery ticket the best wish you can give him with regard to it is that he may draw a blank. Prizes, almost as a rule, ruin those who win them. They are dishonest gains, and such gains, as one has said, "are almost sure to be struck with God's lightning in the end."

Good, honest work, steady, patient industry, is the true road to success for anyone. It is the only line of labor to which God has promised a blessing. Prize boxes, prize packages, and all that kind of gains point one way, and are much better left alone.

Learn early, boys and girls, to help your parents in their regular pursuits as far as you can. Be glad to contribute of your work to the general good, and you will find it a great deal pleasanter than to merely strive to please yourself. Better than all, you will be cultivating a set of generous feelings which will be

"the making" of you when you are grown. The selfish man is a burden upon any community.

MENTAL ELECTRICITY.

I knew a young theological student who told me he prepared himself for writing by sitting down and reading Sir Walter Scott. The idea was that his own mind should catch the easy flow and grace of the "Great Wizard of the North," and reproduce it in his own productions.

I am sorry to say that the fire did not "catch," for a more sombre, dry-as-dust style, no poor dominie ever had, but then he did the best he could. His idea of catching a ray of genius by reading its burning utterances, was not a mere fancy. There are minds which can and do thus electrify themselves. When the physical system is sound, and the mind in working order, there is no stimulus it can apply like good reading. It is not for information alone we go to these productions of others, but to be set a thinking ourselves. One train of thought leads us on to another and that to another, until we find ourselves thoroughly awake and capable of the best efforts in our power.

Now, these "thoughts that breathe and words that burn," are not found in the trashy publications of the hour. These only enervate the mind, if they do not positively debase it. The feverish excitement of the sensational newspaper story is no more a wholesome stimulant for the mind, than alcohol is for the body.

Often a single, pointed sentence will electrify the mind, or a page from our favorite author start us on the track we desired. Shakespeare holds this magic power over many minds, and the speeches of Burke or Chatham have moved thousands who never listened to their voice.

Learn to read with discretion those works which are the best for you, individually, as minds are as various

as faces. The book that may be the most inspiring to me, may be a dead letter to you, because of a different taste and habit of mind. You can soon learn to judge what reading is the best suited to your needs, and then you have the key to the position. You have a resource that will prove a solace in many of the adversities of life, and be a means of constant improvement and ever new delight.

W. G.

SAVED FROM DROWNING.

WHEN Apostle Mariner W. Merrill was crossing the plains as a youth he was induced by a young man to attempt to wade the Platte River. This companion told him that the river was sufficiently shallow to be crossed without swimming, which Brother Merrill was unable to do. The two young men, therefore, entered the water, and after going some distance the young man began to swim, and Brother Merrill tried to follow his example, though not because he thought the water was too deep for wading. The latter struggled for some little time but becoming exhausted and being unable to touch bottom he sank twice, and was filled with water. A third time he was about to sink when his feet touched a sand-bar which enabled

him, even in the swift-running stream, to keep his head above the water and get rested.

The company with which Brother Merrill was traveling had been watching his struggles from the shore, and they could see no way of escape for him from impending death. When he was seen, however, standing in mid-stream with a seemingly secure foothold, a Welsh brother of the company hastily threw aside his clothing and with the end of a rope in his hand plunged boldly into the stream. With what appeared to be the speed of a race horse he approached Brother Merrill, and just as he reached the object of his endeavor the sand-bar seemed to wash out from beneath the feet of the nearly drowned youth, but he was safely drawn to the shore with his rescuer by means of the rope.

It was a miraculous deliverance from death, the more so from the fact that the brethren who were thoroughly familiar with the Platte River said there was no sand-bar at the place where Brother Merrill stood until relief reached him. The fact nevertheless exists, that a secure footing was given to this servant of God when about to sink for the last time, until he could be delivered from his perilous situation.

A TRIBUTE TO SHAKESPEARE.

Beloved Shakespeare, though shrouded in thy
hearse,
Yet living still—immortal in thy verse!
Great Master! thou that gave to us the law:
To thee I'd sing; not stand in stupid awe!
But thy o'er-powering genius bears me down;
As some sky-piercing peak doth darkly frown
O'er the vale below: but yet the owl may sight,
And sky-ward gaze to note the eagle's flight;
The doleful frog may croak in murky spring
His only praise—when nightingale doth sing!
Immortal Shakespeare! Monarch of high spheres!
'Bove earthly realms—of thrilling joys and tears!
Great kings who envy thee thy sacred tomb
Go down to dust, forgotten in their gloom!
But thou liv'st ever on! in verse divine;
The human heart thy everliving shrine!

Great Nature in her kindness gave to thee,
In human joys and fears the magic key,
Of Tarturu's vast gaze—the deep abyss!
Of horror's gloom—or of love's tender bliss!
The range of human feeling from the woe
Of Desdemona, pure as driven snow!
To Cressid', changeful as the wind-toss'd
wave,
Or Iago the cruel, cunning knave.
From Portia robed in queenly majesty;
To Caliban in his brutality!
Great Shakespeare! little need hast thou this
praise,
An aping devotee's insipid lays!
Yet reverent of thy vast and thrilling power,
Upon thy shrine I cast this withered flower.

E. C. Robinson.

AN INTERESTING COMPARISON.

In a late issue of the Scandinavian paper *Verdens Gang*, I find the following interesting views set forth by the learned Dr. Wendell Mees of Ithaca, New York, in regard to the ancient inhabitants on this continent whose ruins and other antiquities he has been studying for several years; and as some of the conclusions he has derived from these investigations are in such striking harmony with the statements published in the Book of Mormon and believed in by the Latter-day Saints, I deem it of sufficient interest to be treated upon more closely, by comparing the statements of the Book of Mormon and the learned professor, who no doubt, knows nothing of the contents of that divine record upon the subject, which has been published more than sixty-five years; for he evidently thinks that what he states is the result of modern researches, assisted by science. Here is the article as translated from the said paper:

“THE AZTECS WERE NORTHMEN.

—
“THE NORTHMEN DISCOVERED AMERICA
1400 BEFORE LEIF CAME TO THIS CON-
TINENT.

—
“DR WENDELL MEES, FROM ITHACA, N. Y.
PRESENTS SOME REMARKABLE VIEWS.

—
“I have just returned from our sister-republic Mexico, and it affords me much pleasure to state that explorers and especially philologists make fine progress in deciphering the hieroglyphs of the Aztecs. During my stay there, I made some very careful investigations, and I find the results to be highly satisfactory. With me there exists no longer any doubt that those warlike and highly civilized tribes were of Scandinavian origin and closely connected with our Anglo-Saxon ancestors. I believe that it will not be long before this will be an established fact. There are certain things that give good reasons for believing that the Scandi-

navians came over here from the great northern peninsula as early as the fourth century before Christ.

“I feel vexed to think about Cortez and other Spanish conquerors, who destroyed so much and blocked up the way for scientific researches, but, although there is sufficient left of the hieroglyphs from the Aztecs to make our knowledge perfect, yet we believe that the worst obstacles have been removed. Many of our explorers have lost sight of a simple fact concerning the Mexican hieroglyphics—there were several widely different systems. This applies to Mexico as well as to Egypt. A number of the Egyptian hieroglyphs where symphonographs, where the characters represented the sound, but not the sense. The same system was in use in Mexico.”

By the above quotations we find that Dr. Mees has arrived at the following conclusions, as the result of his researches, namely, that the ancient, now existing races, were highly civilized and a white people who were far advanced in the arts of engineering and architecture, and had a written language that much resembled the Egyptian hieroglyphs.

Now, if he had any knowledge of the Book of Mormon and believed in it, he would then have known all this and more for many years, and what he now thinks to be new discoveries, would only be some additional proofs of the divinity of that precious record, revealed to the Prophet Joseph Smith. The learned explorer has found, that “*there are certain things, that give good reasons for believing, that the Scandinavians came over here from the great northern peninsula, as early as the fourth century before Christ,*” and the Book of Mormon tells us, that *white people* came from Jerusalem in two different companies, who did not know of each other's existence until many years after their arrival. These com-

panies came about six hundred years before Christ; and the one company led by Lehi and Nephi, landed in South America, while the other one, led by Mulek, a son of king Zedekiah, landed and settled in North America, where they found an only survivor of a former race by name Coriantumr. This extinct people had also been highly civilized, of which their ruins testify to the present time, but through a long series of fratricidal wars, they had become a cruel and barbarous race, who gave no quarter in their battles, and thus the wars ended only in extermination.

It is not much to be wondered at, that Dr. Mees has come to think, that these people originally came from Scandinavia, inasmuch as it is at a comparatively late date that many Americans have come to recognize the historical fact, that Leif Erikson landed in America five hundred years before Columbus, and that the Icelanders settled and lived here several years, but through circumstances returned to their cold northern island, and finally their important discovery of *Vinland*, as they had named America, was forgotten by the common people. Yet it had been recorded in their books, of which one original still exists, namely, "Flatoe Bogen." (the book of the flat island).

In giving the Northmen credit, however, for the marvelous works of architecture and art, which Dr. Mees and other explorers have admired; he is placing himself, unintentionally no doubt, as a supporter of the Book of Mormon, in that he recognizes the ancient Americans as having been a white and civilized people, "and closely connected with our Anglo-Saxon ancestors," and consequently of the Caucasian race and not of the Mongolian, as they would have been, if they had come from Asia over Kamschatka, which was the old theory about the origin of the Indians. Now, the Book of

Mormon states, that the companies which were led by Mulek and Lehi were Jews, and consequently also sprang from the Caucasian race, and were, therefore, *white people* and closely connected "with our Anglo-Saxon ancestors;" and furthermore, that they brought with them records and had not only a knowledge of the Hebrew language, but also of the Egyptian, which their historian calls "the improved Egyptian" as the one used by them, and in which language the Book of Mormon was written. In this particular, Dr. Mees is in perfect harmony with that sacred book, and says: "Although there is not sufficient left of the hieroglyphs from the Aztecs to make our knowledge perfect, yet we believe that the worst obstacles have been removed. Many of our explorers have lost sight of a simple fact concerning the Mexican hieroglyphs—there were several widely different systems. This applies to Mexico as well as to Egypt. A number of the Egyptian hieroglyphs were symphonographs, where the characters represented sound, but not sense. The same system was in use in Mexico."

On the very first page of the Book of Mormon we find the following statement concerning the language, which is well worth our attention in connection with what the learned archaeologist says about the ancient American language:

"Yea, I make a record in the language of my father, which consists of the learning of the Jews, and the language of the Egyptians." (1 Nephi 1, 2.)

Furthermore, we find in another place of that sacred record, the following statement concerning the language:

"For it was not possible that our father, Lehi, could have remembered all these things, to have taught them to his children, except it were for the help of these plates: for he having been taught in the language of the Egyptians, therefore he could

read these engravings, and teach them to his children, and so fulfilling the commandments of God even down to the present time." (Mosiah I, 4.)

And the last one of the inspired writers of the Nephite records, the prophet Mormon, after whom the whole volume was named, writes concerning the language of the same, in these words:

"And now behold, we have written this record according to our knowledge, in characters, which are call among us the reformed Egyptian, being handed down and altered by us, according to our manner of speech." (Book of Mormon ix, 32.)

From times immemorial, the Egyptians were the principal commercial nation, and as the Jews were their close neighbors and also much given to commercial pursuits, there was an absolute necessity for a knowledge of the languages spoken by those people. For this and other reasons, the wealthier classes among the Jews would study the Egyptian and other languages as a part of a higher education, and therefore the first Nephite, very properly calls it "the learning of the Jews, and the language of the Egyptians;" not the language of the Jews, which was the Hebrew tongue. Also mark the explicit saying of Mosiah as cited above: "For he (Lehi) having been taught in the Egyptian language, therefore he could read these engravings, and teach them to his children."

Now, if the prophet Joseph Smith had not been in possession of the original plates, from which the Book of Mormon has been translated, and besides, the possession of the plates, also had been endowed with the gift of interpretation by inspiration from God, by which he could translate them, then it would be a hard task for the unbelieving world to account for such an illiterate, young and inexperienced man, as all agree that Joseph Smith was at the time the Book of Mormon was published, to precisely describe the language

that was used by the ancient inhabitants on this continent, more than sixty years before the scientists and explorers, after much study and exertion found it out; and even state that the language had been changed from time to time, like the English and other languages have been changed according to "our manner of speech," or pronunciation, and as Dr. Mees says: "There were several widely different systems. This applies to Mexico as well as to Egypt. A number of the Egyptian hieroglyphs were symphonographs, where the characters represented *sound* but *not sense*. The same system was in use in Mexico."

What Joseph Smith published in 1829, the learned Dr. Mees states that he and other scientists, after many years of research among the ancient ruins, have found to be true in 1895.

But another and very important discovery has been made by these archæologists, and that also comes in perfect harmony with what the Book of Mormon states in regard to the ancient Americans, and that they were *white people*, "*closely connected with our Anglo-Saxon ancestors.*"

We hope that the time is not far distant when Dr. Mees and other scientific explorers will be able to go still further in their gathering of proofs of the divinity of the Book of Mormon, proving by scientific facts that these white people were *Israelites*, as the Book of Mormon says they were, and as many prominent scientists already have declared that they believe they were.

Little by little, and step by step prejudice and bigotry must yield to the advancement made by science and revelation: The light shed forth upon the ancient history of this great country will be a strong testimony among men in this unbelieving generation, that there is indeed a God and a hereafter, that we all shall meet, and in connection herewith that

Joseph Smith was the Prophet of the Most High, and a special messenger sent forth to warn the people that "The hour of God's judgment is nigh." For when it is proved that the Book of Mormon is true, it must also prove that Joseph Smith was the prophet of God, as the book itself bears record of him and the work, that God through him would perform in the last days, preparatory to the second coming of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. It also proves that an angel from heaven was the messenger to bring the concealed records to light, and that this angel was a representative of ex-

alted, resurrected, immortal humanity, as he declared to the youthful Seer, that his name was Moroni, and that he had himself been a mortal man, a prophet among the ancient inhabitants of this continent, and thus was a living testimony to the fact, that there is a life hereafter, in which the individual man will still retain his identity, as this man-angel evidently had done all the time after his death, so far as the body is concerned, which took place about fourteen hundred years previous to the time that he appeared to Joseph Smith, the Prophet.

C. C. A. Christensen.

THE WHALE AND THE WHALE FISHERY.

As the sea or ocean covers about three-fourths of the earth's surface, we naturally look within its depths for the largest animated beings. Of the whole circle of the known animal creation there is nothing that can compare in size with the whale. There are several species, prominent among which may be mentioned the Little Beaked whale, twenty to thirty feet in length; the Broad-Nosed whale, from fifty to eighty feet long; the common Greenland whale, sixty or seventy feet long; the Sperm whale, about eighty feet in length and the great Rorqual or Razor-Backed whale, the largest inhabitant of our planet, specimens of which have been known to measure thirty-five or forty feet in circumference and over one hundred feet in length. The Greenland whale is the kind most sought for, as it yields more oil, and is, therefore, in a commercial point of view, more valuable.

The head of the Greenland whale is from fifteen to twenty feet in length and ten or twelve feet wide. Its enormous mouth ten or twelve feet high in front and from twelve to sixteen feet long, resembles a capacious cavern, large enough, when thrown open, to contain a small-sized

dwelling-house. They have no teeth, but in their place are fringes of tough elastic substance known as whalebone. Of this they have about three hundred blades on each side, about twelve inches wide where they enter the gum, and often fifteen feet in length. The eyes, which are scarcely larger than those of an ox, are situated just above the corners of the mouth. The ears are not visible until the skin is removed, and hence its hearing is very imperfect. On the top of the head are two nostrils or blow holes. Through these, columns of damp vapor are sent up at every breath. Sometimes two columns of water are spouted forth in the form of immense jets with a noise like thunder, which can be heard at a distance of several miles.

The color of the whale is blackish grey; though the throat and belly are generally white. The skin is an inch thick, smooth, and free from scales. The tail, unlike that of fishes, is horizontal or flat upon the water. It often measures twenty-five feet across. This huge inhabitant of the Polar Seas is popularly spoken of as a fish: but in reality there is nothing about it *resembling* a fish, excepting its outward form. Its blood is warm,

which is unlike that of fishes, it breathes by means of lungs, like the land animals, and it brings forth its young alive and suckles them with milk.

In the regions where the whale is found, shoals of minute fishes, molluscous and crustaceous animals, swarm in innumerable hosts, often discoloring the water with their numbers. Upon these the whale feeds. He moves among them with wide open mouth, and millions of the tiny multitudes are engulfed between his ponderous jaws at a single mouthful. The whalebone fringes act like a sieve, draining off the water, and he swallows his unresisting prey.

Directly under the skin is the blubber or fat, which is eight or nine to eighteen inches in thickness. From this the oil is obtained; sometimes to the amount of one hundred and fifty tons from a single individual.

Before the discovery of gas and petroleum the whale fishery was carried on more or less extensively by almost every civilized nation on the globe. It was practiced by the people of Norway as early as the ninth century. About the twelfth century the people living along the shores of the Bay of Biscay entered the business with a view to commercial profit. They may therefore be justly styled as the originators of the whale fishery. The whales which at that time abounded in those waters were of small species; and not only was it captured for its oil, but for its flesh also, which was used for food. The first English whaling voyage took place in 1594. Shortly after this the Dutch, French, and Danes took the work in hand, and it soon became a business of no mean pretensions. In 1850 the United States alone employed six hundred vessels and about sixteen thousand men in the whale fishery, some of which were absent in the South Pacific Ocean two and even three years at a time.

Whale vessels are generally built of

from three to four hundred tons burden; and if they are bound for Baffin's Bay and the North Atlantic they commonly leave this country so as to reach the field of operation about the first of June. The crew comprises forty or fifty men, besides the master and surgeon. Among these are found coopers, carpenters, steerers, line-managers, harpooners, etc. Six or seven boats hang from the side, each of which is provided with at least two harpoons and six or eight lances. None but men of sound health, giant strength and iron nerve dare face the hardships, perils and dangers of the whale fishery. Its pursuit and capture form an exciting scene, not soon to be forgotten.

As soon as one is discovered the boats are quickly let down, and the men take their appointed places pull silently though swiftly forward. Carefully one of the boats approaches to its enormous sides, rising like a huge wall before them. Slowly and without noise the harpooner rises from his seat and takes the weapon in his hand. This consists of a shank with a strong barbed head, each of the two barbs being armed on the inside with other barbs in a reverse position. Attached to the shank is a coil of rope about three-quarters of an inch in diameter and over seven hundred feet in length. A single instant he balances the harpoon in his hand, and then with all his might he strikes the mighty monster of the sea. This is a dangerous moment. Surprised and wounded, he makes a mad, convulsive effort to escape. The oars are plied, and the boat moves quickly backward; and if they are quick enough to escape being thrown into the air or dashed in pieces they are lucky. A moment he dashes the water right and left in his angry writhings, and then he plunges suddenly down into the dark waters of the briny deep. The rope unwinds and runs over the side of the boat with such amazing velocity

that oftentimes the harpooner is involved in a cloud of smoke. This is caused by friction, and to prevent the side of the boat from taking fire, buckets of water are dashed upon it and upon the running rope.

Every man must now understand his business, and be ready and quick. As the line nears the end another is instantly attached, and this also speeds away like that before. Great care must be taken to keep clear of the running rope; for should one happen to become entangled within it he would perhaps meet with a terrible and untimely fate. Captain Scoresby, who has made his name famous in connection with the whale fishery, mentions several instances of this kind. At one time one of his men incautiously slipped his foot through a coil of the running line. It fastened around his ankle, and dragging him quickly to the boat's stern, snapped his foot off in an instant. At another time a harpooner engaged in lancing a whale, thoughtlessly cast a portion of the line upon the bottom of the boat beneath his feet. Being severely wounded by a well directed lance, the huge animal darted suddenly downward. The rope beneath his feet began to whirl and spin out with amazing velocity. All at once it caught him by a turn around his body, and like lightning he was hauled to the edge of the boat. "Clear away the line," he gasped; "Oh, dear!" A hatchet was seized and the line quickly cut; but it was of no avail. The poor man was almost cut asunder, and the mangled parts of his body were hurled overboard by the departing line, to find a watery grave.

Sometimes the whale descends to the depth of four or five thousand feet; but he generally rises to the surface again in about half an hour to breathe. The other boats which have been on the lookout hurriedly gather about the spot, and three or four harpoons are quickly hurled into its back. Again he descends,

but this time only for a few minutes. As he reappears the men seize their glittering lances and close around their victim. The sharp, glittering steel blades are wielded by powerful hands and with deadly aim, and they are plunged deep to the seat of the monster's life. Great streams of blood spurt forth from his numerous wounds, and the sea for a great distance around is dyed to a crimson hue. He writhes in agony, and his contortions are awful. His ponderous tail lashes the ocean into foam, and woe to the boat that is unfortunately struck by this mighty animal when racked by the convulsions of its dying struggles. Sometimes they are smashed into a thousand pieces, and again they are hurled into the air fifteen or twenty feet, descending perhaps bottom upwards, while the men fall into the sea, to buffet with the cold waves for existence. Then they realize the perils of the whale fishery. The shivering men are generally picked up by the other boats and the battle is continued. Its tail is now reared aloft, and, violently whirling, descends upon the water with an overwhelming force, with a sound like a discharge of a regiment of musketry. As he approaches dissolution water and blood are blown forth in immense jets from his blow holes, and the oil that exudes from his fatal wounds rises upon the surface of the bloody water. The ropes, the boats, and the men themselves are drenched with blood. The struggle has perhaps continued for hours, and the men feel weary and exhausted. But the contest approaches the end. Gradually the whale's power weakens, and at length rolling upon his side he breathes his last and succumbs to the power of man. The flags are struck, and lifting their caps the brave whalers give three lively huzzas that ring forth over the ocean, proclaiming the victory.

It is now towed to the ship and lifted up in the water as much as can

conveniently be done by heavy tackles. The men now put sharp spurs upon their feet to prevent them from slipping, and walking out upon the vast carcass, with enormous knives in their hands, proceed to cut the blubber into great chunks of a ton or more in weight, which are hoisted on board by means of hooks and tackles. Here it is cut up into pieces of about a cubic foot in size, and stowed away in piles, like ranks of wood or bark, to await the sickening process of "trying out," as it is termed, or extracting the oil. The whale is turned over from time to time as occasion requires by means of a heavy tackle attached to the mast and worked by a powerful capstan. When all the blubber has been cut away and the whalebone taken out and hoisted on board, the "krenge" or skeleton is cut loose and allowed to sink. As soon as it begins to putrefy the mass rises to the surface, and floating among the icebergs and floes furnishes food in abundance for birds, bears and wolves.

Whales have been captured and killed in less than thirty minutes; while at other times the conflict has lasted forty or fifty hours. The average time is probably from two to three hours. If he be near an ice floe when first discovered, he will probably make for it as soon as surprised, often drawing a boat after him through the water, at an astonishing rate of speed. If he succeeds in getting under the ice floe he is probably safe from his pursuers. A case of the most determined resistance on the part of the whale is related by Captain Scoresby. It was struck by the harpooners of the *Resolution*, of Whitby, June 25th, 1812; and after a long chase broke off, taking with it a boat, and twenty-eight lines, the aggregate length of which was 20,160 feet, or upwards of three and three-quarter miles. They soon discovered the animal about two miles away, and straining every nerve they pulled rapidly for-

ward in pursuit. They at length came up with it, about nine miles from where it was first harpooned, and the attack was again renewed. Again it fled; but when it came up to breathe a mile further on, the men were ready to meet it. Two or three more harpoons were hurled into its back, and then the lances were seized with strong hands and plunged into the vital parts. The struggle was soon over, and their victim, which, after all, was not very large, turned upon its side and floated upon the water a lifeless mass. Eight boats had been engaged in the pursuit, one of which had been lost, together with thirteen new lines. The whole amount of line withdrawn from the different boats was no less than thirty-one thousand three hundred and twenty feet, or nearly six miles.

J. T. Jennings.

GAMBLING.

GAMBLING is said to have been invented by the Lydians when under the pressure of great famine; to divert themselves from their sufferings they contrived dice, balls, tables, etc. "More likely," says a learned censor, "the passage ought to be otherwise translated: 'The Lydians, having combined dice, balls and tables, and invented gambling were reduced to great famine and to extreme sufferings.'" In plain truth, while engaged in this practice, they could think of nothing else; their property, their farms, their looms, their nets, their establishments of industry were all lying waste; their talents were all absorbed in this intoxicating pursuit.

At what period gambling was introduced into England it would be difficult to determine; but there are few countries where it is carried on to greater extent. Montaigne seems to have been aware of the evils of gaming, and gives us the reason why he relinquished it: "I used," said

he, "to like, formerly, games of chance with cards and dice; but of that folly I have long been cured, merely because I found that whatever good countenance I put on when I lost, I did not feel my vexation the less." More than that, we have seen the best of friends sit down to a gaming table, in perfect good humor, but rise up from it enemies for life. Who can describe the abandonment too frequently attendant on this destructive practice; the friendship of such men is a confederacy in vice; and that they cannot depend on each other has been exemplified by its fatal consequences—its deteriorating influence upon the temper and disposition, as well as the pecuniary affairs—its false effects, in short, both to the unhappy individual who is cursed with the propensity and to society in general. Connecting cause with effect, it leads to misery and ruin; even to robbery and murder.

"In gaming," Judge Blackstone says, "several parties engage to cast lots to determine upon whom the ruin shall at present fall, that the rest may be saved a little longer." Taken in any light this is an offence of the most alarming nature; tending, by necessary consequence, to promote idleness, theft and debauchery among the lower classes; and among persons of a superior rank it has frequently been attended with the sudden ruin and desolation of ancient opulent families, and abandonment to every principle of honor and virtue, and too often has ended in self-murder. To this passion of gambling every valuable consideration has been made a sacrifice; and it is a passion that has lamentably prevailed in our own country, and which we seem to have derived from the ancient Germans, who, according to the account given of them by Tacitus, were bewitched with the spirit of play to a most exorbitant degree. "They addict themselves," says he, "to dice (which is wonder-

ful) when sober, and as a serious employment, with such a mad desire of winning or losing, that, when stripped of everything else, they will stake at last their liberty, and then their very selves. The loser goes into a voluntary slavery, and though younger and stronger than his antagonist, suffers himself to be bound and sold. And this perseverance in so bad a cause they call the point of honor."

Father le Compté, in his "Travels in China," says: "Gaming is equally prohibited among the common people and mandarins; and yet this does not hinder their playing, and frequently losing all they have—their lands, houses, children and even their wives, which are all sometimes laid on a single card." Shakespeare says: "Keep a gamester from the dice and a student from his book, and it is wonderful." Lord Bacon says: "A gamester, the greater the master he is in his art, the worse man he is." And Addison says: "Could we look into the mind of the common gamester, we should see it full of nothing but trumps and matedores; his slumbers are haunted with kings, queens and knaves."

To those who play cards and other games as an innocent amusement, we may trace the most aggravated injuries resulting from gambling. It is there that young men of talent, education and wealth, take the degree of entered apprentice. The example of men in high life, men in public stations and responsible offices, has a powerful and corrupting influence on society, and does much to increase the evil, and forward as well as sanction the high handed robbery of fine dressed black legs. The gambling hells in our cities, tolerated and patronized, are a disgrace to any nation bearing a Christian name, and would be banished from a Pagan community. Gambling assumes a great variety of forms, from the flipping of a cent in the bar room for a glass of whisky,

up to the splendidly furnished faro bank room, where men lose thousands of dollars.

HAPPY ACCIDENTS.

THE cracking of a picture placed in the sunshine set Van Eyck experimenting to produce a varnish that would dry in the shade. He found what he sought, and found beside that by mixing it with his colors they acquired greater force and brilliancy, and required no subsequent varnishing; and so came about the discovery, or rediscovery, of the art of painting in oil. Mezzotinto owed its invention by Prince Rupert to the simple accident of a sentry's gun barrel being rusted by the dew. Henry Schanward, a Nuremberg glass-cutter, happened to let some aqua-fortis fall upon his spectacles, and noticed the glass was corroded and softened where the aqua-fortis had touched it. Taking the hint, he made a liquid accordingly, drew some figures upon a piece of glass, covered them with varnish, and applied his corroding fluid, cut away the glass around his drawing, so that when he removed the varnish the figures appeared raised upon a dark ground; and etching upon glass was added to the ornamental arts. Alois Senefelder, playwright and actor, thinking it possible to etch upon stone in lieu of copper, polished a slab for the purpose. He was disturbed by his mother coming into his small laboratory with the request that he would jot down her list of things for the wash, as the woman was waiting to take the basket away. There being neither paper nor ink handy, Senefelder scribbled the items on his stone with his etching preparation, that he might copy them at his leisure. Some time afterward, when about to clean the stone, he thought he might as well see what would be the effect of biting the stone with aqua-fortis, and in a few minutes saw the writing standing

out in relief. Taking up a pelt ball charged with printing-ink, he inked the stone, took off a few impressions upon paper, and he had invented lithography. The pelt-ball used by Senefelder was long indispensable in a printing office. A Salopian printer in a hurry to get on with a job, could not find his ball, and inked the form with a piece of soft glue that had fallen out of the glue-pot, with such excellent result that he thenceforth discarded the pelt-ball altogether, and by adding treacle to the glue to keep it from hardening, hit upon the composition of which printers' rollers have ever since been made.

Three very different discoveries are recorded to have resulted from the unintentional application of intense heat. Pliny attributes the discovery of glass to some merchants traveling with nitre, who stopping on the banks of a river to take a meal, were at a loss for stones to rest their kettles upon. Putting them upon pieces of nitre, they kindled their fires; the nitre, dissolved by the heat, mixed with the sand, and the merchants were astonished to see a transparent matter flowing over the ground, which was nothing else but glass. Charles Goodyear had for years experimented in vain, hoping to deprive india rubber of its susceptibility to the action of heat and cold. Conversing with a friend on the subject, he emphasized an assertion by flinging a piece of sulphured rubber across the room. It lighted upon the stove; and when he picked it up a few days afterward, he found the intense heat to which it had been subjected had conferred upon the india-rubber just the quality he had so long striven to impart to it. According to some he stumbled upon the discovery in a different manner; but, at any rate, vulcanized india-rubber was the creation of an accident. *M. A. C.*

The cheapest thing in the world is common-sense, but few people in the world seem to have a corner in it.

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THE FAMILY.

THERE was a proposition recently introduced into the legislature of one of our eastern states to tax bachelors over a certain age, and to use the means thus obtained in establishing an asylum for inebriates. In France a committee who was seriously considering the causes of the decrease of population in that country recommended to the Chamber of Deputies a similar provision, with the exception that the funds derived from the tax on the bachelors should be used for the education of the children of poor people.

We do not know any reason why bachelors should not be required to do something for their fellowmen. If they will not have families of their own for whom to provide, it seems to us quite fair that they should contribute to the support of others. Indeed, we think men should marry, and that they should not postpone too long the taking upon them the obligations which God has asked them to assume. Men as a rule become better citizens and improve in every direction through the contracting of holy alliances. They become more stable in their ways, more diligent in their labors, more economical in their expenditures, providing always, of course, they have the right kind of companions. Some men, it is true, are dragged down by association with women of low degree and tastes, but the rule is that men are improved by marriage.

Men are frequently restrained from committing sin and entering into unwise speculations by the thought of the results upon their wives and children. And no doubt, too, many men have been preserved in life

through considering how their death would effect their loved ones.

We heard a brother once tell of his feeling when he was severely afflicted with a fever. He was nigh unto death. Indeed, so near was he to the other side that his jaw had been tied up and preparations were made for laying him out for burial. Just at this time the thought of the condition in which he was leaving his family flashed through his mind and the earnest desire for his loved ones filled him with faith, which eventually prevailed for his recovery.

A somewhat similar experience to this is told by a man who after a shipwreck spent twelve hours in the water clinging to the masts, being driven about by the wind and waves. One of those thus situated was washed away. "We threw him a rope," said the survivor, "and would have lashed him to the mast, but he was too weak to hold on."

"How did you feel when you saw him going down?" some one asked.

"O, I did not mind much, for I thought we must all go down soon. I did not believe we could hold out long, for every time the waves rolled by we had to duck our heads under water so as not to be washed off."

He stopped talking for a minute, as if it were more than he cared to think about, and then said: "But that man was the only single man among us; he had no wife and no children. That, I believe, is the reason he could not hold out. I believe it was my wife and my home which kept me alive that night. If I had not thought of them I should have let go many times."

We believe that many men have retained their hold upon life as well as upon many of its blessings by the thought of their wives and their children who were dependent upon them for support and who looked to them for examples of integrity and uprightness.

VARIOUS KINDS OF CHARITY.

CHARITY does not alone consist in the bestowal of gifts, as many people seem to think. We have in mind many charitable persons who are very poor, so far as this world's goods are concerned, but who administer comfort and happiness wherever they go. The Savior Himself was possessed of little worldly wealth, but He was rich in true charity and kindness for His fellowmen. We have in Him the highest example of a life of charity and love. Therefore those who are without means need not despair because they lack opportunities for the exhibition of charity. The following incident illustrates one phase of charity, and shows the difference between persons who make themselves welcome or unwelcome visitors. The family visited was possessed of limited means, and occupied only a modest home:

The first visitor commented upon the fact that the house was in an out-of-the-way spot, and that there were few or no neighbors. At table he told of the delicious tea he had drunk at the house of one friend, of the rich tea-service that he had seen upon the table of another, of the rare old china that was used in his own household, and of the dainty meals he had eaten from it.

In the cramped little sitting-room after tea he sat by the stove and talked of the delights of an open wood fire, of his enjoyment of rare and costly books and pictures, and of twenty other things that the host of whose hospitality he had partaken did not and could not possess.

When he was gone it was clear, although nothing was said, that his visit had caused pain, that it made the wife feel her straitened circumstances more keenly than ever, and cast a shadow over her husband's thoughts.

The next evening came the other visitor. He brought good cheer in

his very face. The room, he said, felt so warm and comfortable after his walk, which, he added, was just the thing to give a man a good appetite for his supper.

At table he spoke of everything that was nice, congratulated his host on having such a snug little home, apologized for eating so much, but couldn't help it, because it was "so good" and tasted "so homelike;" liked the old black teapot because it was just like the one his mother had when he was a boy, and told his hostess, who was all smiles and as happy as a queen, that she ought to thank her stars that she had no gas or furnace to ruin the flowers that made her room look so cheerful.

After dinner he insisted that the children should not be sent to bed "just yet;" said he wanted to tell them a story, as he did; and when he had done, and had kissed them good-night, they trudged off up stairs with beaming faces, under the guidance of a mother who felt that a ray of real sunshine had entered her home, making it better and happier for all time.

A kind word spoken to a sorrowing soul, an encouraging whisper to the sinful or oppressed, a helpful smile to an innocent child, a humble example to mankind, these are all deeds of charity as much as the bestowal of money or other material things.

TRUE GRIT.

A Scandinavian brother of Cache valley was last year called to fill a mission in his native land. He was very poor, and labor as he would it seemed impossible for him to get means with which to pay his fare to the old country. A few days before the time set for his departure he was met by one of the Apostles who inquired if he would be ready to start at the time appointed, and if he had the means for his journey. He responded that he would be ready to

go at the time mentioned, but he had no money for his transportation.

"How will you go?" was then asked.

"I will walk to New York, and then work my way across the ocean to Scandinavia," he replied.

He secured the money, however, by some means, and on the day for setting apart the missionaries he was on hand with money to take him to his destination. It is safe to say that the Lord opened up his way and provided for him the necessary money.

Since his departure the Apostle mentioned above visited the family of this heroic brother, and found the members no less faithful or self-sacrificing than he. They were really in need, but had never made the least complaint, and only through the arrangement of this Apostle were they placed beyond want.

This example is doubtless only one of many which might be found among this people. The narrative of the sacrifices of the Latter-day Saints in carrying the Gospel to the world will never be written by human pen. Only the angels have been able to keep the accurate record of these occurrences.

Still we regret to know that too many who are called to fill missions make various excuses for not doing so at the time requested. True, the circumstances of some of the brethren may justify their temporary release, but few indeed are the instances where the postponement of a required duty results in prosperity or relief to the individual. On the other hand, many cases might be cited wherein those who have been called to missions, but who obtained a furlough in order to better arrange their temporal matters, have found themselves continually losing ground, and greater obstacles constantly arise. Some of those who have thus excused themselves have not been able to go at all, and others have been

financially very much injured by the postponement of a known duty.

The example narrated above should be followed by our young men. Only such a course will result in success. A determination to perform every required duty at the very time when it should be done will bring the blessings of the Lord to him who thus acts.

A GOOD RECORD.

Apostle George Teasdale is authority for the statement that during the past ten years that Old Mexico has been occupied by the Latter-day Saints there has not been a single case of forced marriage among them because of unchastity. The principal causes of this good record are that from their social gatherings they have banished round dancing, and they observe strictly the Word of Wisdom.

This should not be an unusual record, though we regret to say it is, among the Latter-day Saints. Notwithstanding the strictness of the laws of God against impure conduct, there are numerous cases among us of social wickedness, most of which are directly traceable to neglect of the Word of Wisdom, and to an indulgence in round dancing. There is perhaps no sin, unless it be that of murder, which will more quickly deprive a man or woman of the Spirit of God than that of unchastity. No person can continue to indulge in impure thoughts and remarks, without finally yielding to unvirtuous acts. The necessity for purity, too, exists as well in the family as among single people. Married people should read and observe the law of Moses concerning their marital affairs. By so doing they would enjoy better health themselves, they would bequeath strong bodies and minds to their posterity and they would thus inherit more of the spiritual and temporal blessings of the Lord.

The cause of much sickness among

us could be directly traced to improprieties and sins in the family relation. The Saints should always remember their covenants with the Lord and each other. They should be a holy and pure people in private as well as in public, and everything which will tend to make them better or place them beyond the reach of temptation, should find ready acceptance by them. Indeed, there is

only one safe course for us to pursue and that is to keep the unwritten and written laws which God has given and is giving to His people.

An old writer says: "Read not books alone, but men amongst them chiefly—thyself."

No great characters are formed in this world, without suffering and self-denial.

M. I. MANUAL, PART II.

BY MILTON H. HARDY AND GEORGE H. BRIMHALL.

AMERICAN HISTORY.

LECTURE 30.

ADMINISTRATION OF PRESIDENT RUTHERFORD B. HAYES. 1877-1881.

Subdivisions.—His election: (*a*) the majority of one electoral vote; (*b*) the charge of fraud; (*c*) the creation and the work of the "Electoral Committee."—His withdrawal of the U. S. troops from the south: (*a*) cause; (*b*) effect.—The Strikes: (*a*) railroad; (*b*) coal mine.—Deepening the mouth of the Mississippi: (*a*) the necessity; (*b*) the unsuccessful attempts; (*c*) Captain Ead's successful scheme.—The unsuccessful veto of the silver bill of 1877: (*a*) reason for vetoing; (*b*) passing the bill over the President's veto.—The rise of greenbacks to par. Ref., American History pp. 340-343.

Self-review.—1. What is meant by the majority of one electoral vote? 2. How was the alleged election fraud disposed of? 3. Describe Ead's plan of deepening the mouth of the Mississippi. 4. Why did President Hayes veto the silver bill of 1877? 5. Name the four chief events of Hayes' administration.

LECTURE 31.

ADMINISTRATION OF PRESIDENTS JAMES A. GARFIELD AND CHESTER A. ARTHUR. 1881-1885.

Subdivisions.—Brief biography of

Garfield.—The assassination: (*a*) time; (*b*) the assassin; (*c*) long, patient suffering; (*d*) death.—The coal service act: (*a*) the necessity; (*b*) the provisions.—The overflow of the Mississippi: (*a*) the extent; (*b*) the relief of the sufferers.—Building of the East River Suspension bridge: (*a*) the cities connected; (*b*) the cost of the structure; (*c*) time of construction; (*d*) general description; (*e*) the civil engineer who planned it.—The centennial cotton exhibit in the south.—Southern progress: (*a*) in manufacture; (*b*) in education. Ref., pp. 343-349.

Self-review.—1. In what particulars was the life of Garfield parallel with the life of Lincoln? 2. What is meant by the civil service reform? 3. By what method does the civil service reform aim to have the appointive offices filled with the best officers? 4. Give cost, time of construction, and length of the Brooklyn Bridge. 5. In what respects did the abolition of slavery advance education in the south?

LECTURE 32.

FIRST ADMINISTRATION OF PRESIDENT GROVER CLEVELAND. 1885--1889.

Subdivisions.—Civil service reform work.—The Knights of Labor: (*a*) the black list; (*b*) the boycott.—Strikes: (*a*) the horse-car drivers;

(*b*) factory hands of Chicago; (*c*) freight train men.—The Chicago anarchists: (*a*) their foreign nativity; (*b*) the meeting at Haymarket; (*c*) the inflammatory speeches; (*d*) the murderous bomb throwing; (*e*) the arrest, long trial and just execution of the murderous ringleaders.—The Charleston earthquake.—The western blizzard.—The Statue of Liberty: (*a*) the gift of our French friends; (*b*) description of the statue.—The four important laws: (*a*) the U. S. Presidency; (*b*) Presidential elections; (*c*) Inter-state railroad; (*d*) Chinese immigration.

Self-review.—1. Explain the black list and the boycott giving the origin of each. 2. What is an anarchist? 3. What is the relation between the Statue of Liberty and each of the following: America, Frenchmen, Navigation? 4. On what grounds was the Chinese immigration law deemed not only justifiable, but necessary? 5. Mention in their chronological order, four of the leading events of Cleveland's first administration.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE.

LECTURE 25.

DISINFECTANTS AND DEODORIZERS.

Subdivisions.—*Disinfectants*: (*a*) chlorine; (*b*) sulphur dioxide; (*c*) carbonic acid; (*d*) thymol; (*e*) ferrous sulphate; (*f*) corrosive sublimate; (*g*) zinc salts; (*h*) lead chloride; (*i*) heat, air and light.—*Deodorizers*: (*a*) charcoal; (*b*) lime.—*Management of contagious diseases*. Ref., Domestic Science, ch. 38.

Self-review.—1. What is a disinfectant? 2. What is a deodorizer? 3. Show the value of charcoal as an absorbent. 4. What do you know of corrosive sublimate as a disinfectant? 5. Give general directions for using disinfectants.

LECTURE 26.

POISONS AND THEIR ANTIDOTES.

Subdivisions.—Definition.—Gen-

eral treatment in poisoning cases.—Common poisons: (*a*) strong mineral acids; (*b*) organic acids; (*c*) alkalis; (*d*) antimony compounds; (*e*) arsenic; (*f*) copper salts; (*g*) iron; (*h*) lead; (*i*) mercury; (*j*) silver; (*k*) zinc; (*l*) phosphorus; (*m*) certain gases.—Narcotic poisons.—Strychnine.—Irritant vegetable poisons.—Poisonous food-stuffs.—Animal venom. Ref., Talmage's Domestic Science, ch. 39.

Self-review.—1. What is a poison? 2. What method of general treatment would you follow in cases of poisoning? 3. What is a chemical antidote? 4. How would you treat a case of snake-bite? 5. Name the antidote and general treatment you would employ in cases of poisoning from each of the substances named in the list presented in this lecture.

CIVIL GOVERNMENT.

LECTURE 22.

POWERS OF CONGRESS (CONTINUED).

Subdivisions.—Constitutional provisions: Article I, Section 8, clauses 15, 16, 17, 18.—(12) *The Militia*: (*a*) Laws concerning; (*b*) the militia called into service.—(13) *The District of Columbia*: (*a*) Power to establish a capital; (*b*) the District of Columbia ceded; (*c*) the District government.—(14) *Power to make necessary laws*: (*a*) delegated powers; (*b*) implied powers; (*c*) the theory carried into effect; (*d*) the two schools of construction; (*e*) limitations of the two schools. Ref., American Government, Part II, chap. xi, pp. 208–215.

Self-review.—1. Explain the division of United States soldiers. 2. What is meant by the District of Columbia? 3. What is the relation of implied powers to a constitution? 4. Show that Congress from the first has legislated on the theory of implied powers. 5. Name a few questions involving construction.

LECTURE 23.

THE LIMITATIONS OF THE UNION.

Subdivisions:—Constitutional provisions: Article I, Section 9, clauses 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7.—(a) Reasons for such limitations; (b) the slave trade; (c) the writ of habeas corpus; (d) bill of attainder; (e) ex post facto laws; (f) capitation taxes; (g) export duties; (h) preferences as to ports; (i) entering and clearing; (j) Congress controls the treasury; (k) titles of nobility and presents. Ref., American Government, part II, chap. xi, pp. 216-224.

Self-review:—1. What reason can you give for the limitations here enumerated? 2. Explain the operation of the writ of habeas corpus. 3. What is meant by a bill of attainder? 4. What is meant by the terms entering and clearing? 5. What is intended to prevent by the clause against titles and presents?

LECTURE 24.

THE LIMITATIONS OF THE STATES.

Subdivisions:—Constitutional provisions: Article I, Section 10, Clauses 1, 2, 3.—(a) reasons for such limitations; (b) reasons for the prohibitions; (c) bills of credit; (d) the obligation of a contract; (e) inspection laws; (f) tonnage duties; (g) state troops, ships of war, etc., (h) the States not sovereign; (i) concurrent jurisdiction. Ref., American Government, Part II, ch. xii., pp. 224-230.

Self-review:—1. Why were limitations to the states necessary? 2. Explain bills of credit. 3. What is meant by the obligation of a contract? 4. What would be the result if the state could keep troops or ships of war in time of peace? 5. Explain what is meant by concurrent jurisdiction.

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BARITONE SOLO.

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 2. With mists of earth en - shroud - ed, Dim seems the path be -

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guide us, If we are pure heart - ed,
fore us, Till from the sky o'er cloud - ed,

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Breaks thro' a glim - mer o'er us, Light - ing us up - ward

meet a - gain, With guardian aid pro - vide us.
through the gloom, And faith a - new re - store us.



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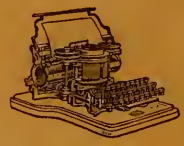
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